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THE
WORKS
OF

Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

VOLUME VII.

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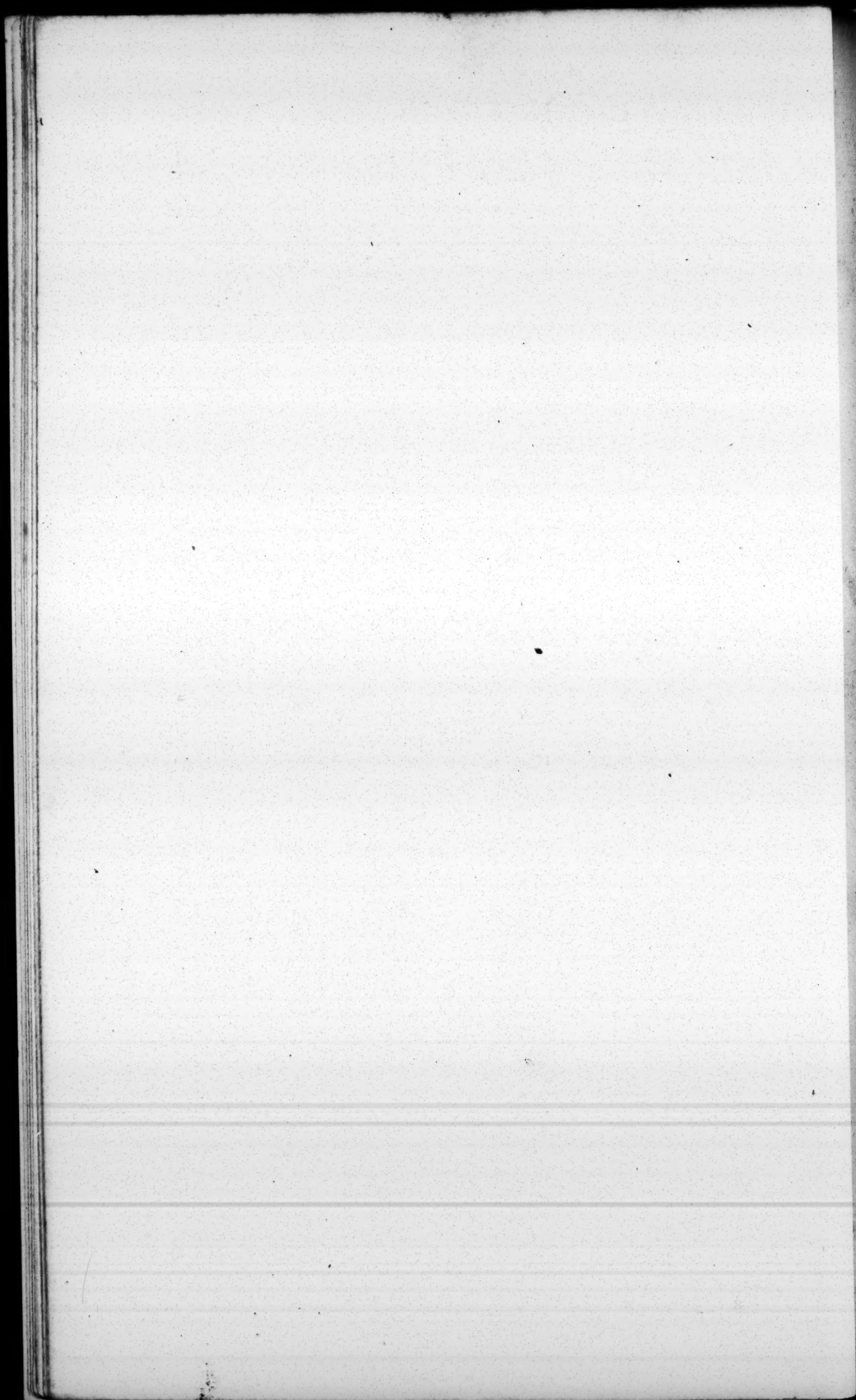
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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW,
who commanded the *british* forces in
Spain.

Written in the Year 1706.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he out-rides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politicks, and gives the toast.

Knows ev'ry prince in *Europe's* face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From *Paris* gazette *A-la-main*,
This day arriv'd without his train
Mordanto in a week from *Spain*.

2 TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

A messenger comes all a-reck
Mordanto at *Madrid* to seek :
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through *Dover* in the morn :
Mordanto's landed from *Leghorn*.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone:

His body active as his mind,
Returning found in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corps though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star ;
In senates bold, and fierce in war,
A land-commander, and a tar.

Heroic

Heroic actions early bred in,
 Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
 But by his name-fake *Charles of Sweden*.

The Fable of MIDAS.

Written in the Year 1712.

* **M**IDAS, we are in story told,
 Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to
gold:

* The dean though he did not much change the natural order of words, was yet very exact in his versification; but it may be remarked that verses of eight syllables are never harmonious, if the accent be placed on the *first* and not re-

peated till the *third* or *fourth*. The first, fourth and eighth verses are, among others, examples of this rule, which will be illustrated by changing the structure so as to remove the accent from the *first* syllable to the *second*, if instead of,

Glitter'd, like spangles on the ground:
 the fourth verse be read,

Like spangles glitter'd on the ground:

the ear will easily determine which should be preferred: it is however true that when the accent is placed on the *first* syllable and repeated at the

second, the measure is not only harmonious, but acquires a peculiar force; the eleventh verse is of this kind,

Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
 which would be greatly enfeebled by changing it to

It pass'd untouch'd between his grinders,
 tho' the cadence would still would fall on the second syllable.
 be poetical, as the first accent

He *chip'd* his *bread*; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling e'er it went his lip in,
Wou'd strait become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in *golden cup*:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill:
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for *gold-finders*:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay*,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
Of poultry *provender* and *bread*:
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is *equal to old gold*;
And hence a critick deep maintains,
We learnt to weigh our *gold* by *grains*.

This *fool* had got a *lucky bit*;
And people fancy'd he had *wit*.
Two gods their skill in musick try'd,
And both chose *Midas* to decide;
He against *Phæbus'* harp decreed,
And gave it for *Pan's* oaten reed:

The

FABLE OF MIDAS.

5

The god of wit to shew his grudge,
Clapt *asses'* ears upon the judge ;
A goodly pair erect and wide
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.

And now the virtue of his *hands*
Was lost among *Pactolus'* sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims
The *golden* scurf peels off his limbs :
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel ;
Midas, expos'd to all the jeers,
Had lost his *art*, and kept his *ears*.

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader* ;
To whom from *Midas* down descends
That virtue in the fingers ends.
What else by *perquisites* are meant,
By *pensions*, *bribes* and *three per cent*,
By *places* and *commissions* fold ;
And turning *dung* itself to *gold* ?
By starving in the midst of store
As t'other *Midas* did before ?

None e'er did modern *Midas* chuse
Subject or patron of his muse,

But found him thus their merit scan,
 That *Phœbus* must give place to *Pan* ;
 He values not the poet's praise,
 Nor will exchange his *plumbs* for *bays* :
 To *Pan* alone rich misers call,
 And there's the jest, for *Pan* is *ALL*.
 Here *English* wits will be to seek,
 Howe'er, 'tis all one in the greek.

Besides, it plainly now appears
 Our *Midas* too hath *asses'* ears ;
 Where ev'ry fool his mouth applies,
 And whispers in a thousand lies ;
 Such gross delusions could not pass
 Thro' any ears but of an *ass*.

But *gold* defiles with frequent touch ;
 There's nothing *fouls* the hand so much :
 And scholars give it for the cause
 Of *British Midas'* dirty paws ;
 Which while the *senate* strove to scour,
 They wash'd away the *chymick* power.

While he his utmost strength apply'd,
 To swim against this *pop'lar tide*,
 The *golden* spoils flew off apace ;
 Here fell a *pension*, there a *place* ;

The

The *torrent* merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites and *bribes* ;
 By their own weight funk to the bottom ;
Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em.
 And *Midas* now neglected stands
 With *asses' ears* and *dirty hands*.

The Reverend Dr. *SHERRIDAN* to
 J. S. D. D. D. S. P. D. *

Written in the Year 1712.

DEAR dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns*
 you and I deal,
 Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle ?
 'Tis a thought, that came into my noddle
 this morning,
 In bed as I lay, Sir, a tossing and turning.
 You'll find, if you read but a few of your
 histories,
 All women as *Eve*, all women are mysteries.
 To find out this riddle I know you'll be
 eager,
 And make every one of the sex a *bel phagor*.

* *Jonathan Swift*, doctor of divinity, dean of *St. Patrick's*
Dublin.

8 SHERRIDAN TO SWIFT.

But that will not do, for I mean to come-
mend 'em :

I swear without jest I an honour intend 'em.
In a sieve, Sir, their antient extraction I
quite tell,

In a riddle I give you their power and their
title.

This I told you before, do you know what
I mean, Sir ?

† *Not I, by my troth, Sir.*—Then read it
again, Sir.

The reason I fend you these lines of rhymes
double

Is purely through pity to save you the
trouble

Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you
did last ;

When your *pegasus* canter'd in triple, and
rid fast,

As for my little nag, which I keep at
Parnassus,

With *Phæbus*'s leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd,
bastinated.

† The Dean's answer,

Dean

Dean SWIFT's Answer to the Reverend
Dr. SHERRIDAN.

S I R,

IN reading your letter alone in my hack-
ney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did
rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I
crackt,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no sieve (for with that you
begin)
Because she let's out more than e'er she takes
in.

And that she's a riddle, can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something
archer,
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen
searcher.

Now tell me a thing that wants inter-
pretation,
What name for a * maid, was the first
man's damnation?

* *Vir Gin, Man-Trap.*

If

If your worship will please to explain me
 this *rebus*,
 I swear from henceforward you shall be
 my *Phœbus*.

*From my hackney-coach, Sep. 11,
 1712, past 12 at noon.*

THE FAGGOT.

*Written in the Year 1713, when the queen's mi-
 nisters were quarrelling among themselves. **

OBSEERVE the dying father speak:
 Try, lads, can you this bundle break;
 Then bids the youngest of the six,
 Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
 They thought it was an old man's maggots;
 And strove by turns to break the faggot:
 In vain: the complicated wands
 Were much too strong for all their hands.
 See, said the fire, how soon 'tis done:
 Then took and broke them one by one.
 So strong you'll be, in friendship ty'd;
 So quickly broke, if you divide.

* See more of the author's
 endeavours to procure a recon-
 cilement among them, in Mr.
Pope's Prose Works, Vol. II.

Letter II, V. *etc.*

See also *Free thoughts on the
 present state of affairs*. Vol. IV.

Keep close then boys, and never quarrel.
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be apply'd in few words
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards,
And others, who in solemn fort
Appear with slender wands at court:
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With *quarter-staves*, instead of *white*;
Or constable with *staff* of peace,
Should come and make the clatt'ring cease;
Which now disturbs the queen and court,
And gives the *whigs* and rabble sport.

In history we never found,
The consul's *fascēs** were unbound;
Those *Romans* were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The prætor broke the consul's head;
Or, consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the prætor down?

* *Fascēs* a bundle of rods or small sticks carried before the consuls at *Rome*.

Come, courtiers: every man his stick :
 Lord-treasurer, * for once be quick ;
 And, that they may the cloſer cling,
 Take your blue ribbon for a ſtring.
 Come, trimming *Harcourt* †, bring your
 mace ;
 And ſqueeze it in, or quit your place :
 Diſpatch ; or elſe that rascal *Northey* ‡
 Will undertake to do it for thee:
 And be aſſur'd, the court will find him
 Prepar'd to *leap o'er ſticks*, or bind 'em.

To make the bundle ſtrong and ſafe,
 Great *Ormond* lend thy gen'ral's ſtaff :
 And, if the *croſier* could be cramm'd in,
 A fig for *Lechmere*, *King*, and *Hambden*.
 You'll then defy the ſtrongeſt *whig*
 With both his hands to bend a twig.
 Though with united ſtrength they all pull,
 From *Somers* down to *Craiggs* and *Walpole*.

* *Robert Harley* earl of *Oxford*.

† Lord chancellor.

‡ *Sir Edward Northey* Attor.

Gen. brought in by lord *Harcourt*, yet very deſirous of the great ſeal.

The AUTHOR upon himself.

Written in the Year 1713.

*A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy
sent us by a friend of the author's.*

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

BY an old———pursu'd
A crazy * prelate, and a royal ‡ prude;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On ev'ry genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God;
So, clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conj'ring book §.

* Dr. *Sharp* archbishop of *York*.

‡ Her late majesty *Q. A.*

§ Archbishop *Sharpe* according to Dr. *Swift's* account had represented him to the queen as a person that was not a

Christian, a great lady had supported the aspersion, and the queen upon such assurances had given away the bishoprick contrary to her majesty's first intentions [which were in favour of *Swift*.]

ORRERY.

Swift

14 THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in
rhime;
Humour, and mirth, had place in all he
writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd and bow'd and talk'd with too
much grace;
Nor shew'd the *parson* in his gait or face;
Despis'd luxurious wines, and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; *saw those that saw the*
queen;
At *Child's* or *Truby's** never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in
tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the lay-mens gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But after sage monitions from his friends
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politicks his dang'rous wit.

* A coffee-house and tavern near *St. Paul's* at that time much frequented by the clergy.

And

THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF. 15

And now the publick int'rest to support,
By *Harley Swift* invited comes to court ;
In favour grows with ministers of state ;
Admitted private, when superiors wait :
And *Harley*, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to *Windsor* in his coach alone.
At *Windsor Swift* no sooner can appear,
But * *St. John* comes and whispers in his ear :
The waiters stand in ranks ; the yeomen cry,
Make room ; as if a duke were passing by.

Now *Finch* † alarms the lords : he hears
for certain,
This dang'rous priest is got behind the
curtain.

Finch fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That *Swift* oils many a spring which
Harley moves.

Walpole and *Aislabie* ‡ to clear the doubt,
Inform the commons, that the secret's out :
“ A certain doctor is observ'd of late
“ To haunt a certain minister of state :

* Then secretary of state, afterwards lord *Bolingbroke*.

† The late earl of *Nottingham*, who made a speech in the house of lords against the au-

thor.

‡ They both spoke against the author in the house of commons, although *Aislabie* professed much friendship for him.

“ From

46 THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.

“ From whence, with half an eye we may
discover

“ The peace is made, and *Perkin* must
come over.

York is from *Lambeth* sent to shew the
queen

A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen ‡ ;
Which by the style, the matter, and the drift,
’Tis thought could be the work of none
but *Swift*.

Poor *York* ! the harmless tool of others hate ;
He sues for pardon §, and repents too late.

Now,——her vengeance vows
On *Swift*’s reproaches for her——:
From her red locks her mouth with venom
fills ;

And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen incens’d, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful *Scot*.
Now thro’ the realm a || proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.

‡ Tale of a Tub.

§ His grace was sorry for
what he had said, and sent a
message to the author to desire
his pardon.

|| The proclamation was a-
gainst the author of a pamphlet
called, *The publick Spirit of the*
Whigs, against which the *scotch*
lords complained. See vol. IX.

THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF. 17

While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a
 sleight.

By *Harley's* favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing
 scene:

Lord! how were they mistaken in the dean!
Now *Delaware* again * familiar grows;
And in *Swift's* ear thrusts half his powder'd
 nose.

The *scottish* nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that *Swift* would be their
 friend †.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendship, justice, truth re-
 quire:

What could he more, but decently retire ‡?

* *Delaware* then lord treasurer of the household, always caressed the author at court: but during the trial of the printers before the house of lords, and while the proclamation hung over the author, his lordship would not seem to know him.

† The *scotch* lords treated and visited the author more af-

ter the proclamation than before, except the duke of *Argyle*, who would never be reconciled.

‡ About ten weeks before the queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to *Berkshire*. Mr. *Pope's* *Prose Works*, Vol. II. Let. V.

C

In

IN SICKNESS.

*Written soon after the author's coming to live in
Ireland upon the queen's death, Oct. 1714.*

'T IS true,—then why should I repine,
To see my life so fast decline?
But, why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my herse.
Remov'd from kind *Arburthnot's* aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those, who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, e'er it be my own.

Ye

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. 19

Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick :
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to day, entomb'd to morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

*To the Earl of OXFORD, late lord
treasurer. Sent to him when he was in
the Tower, before his trial.*

Out of HORACE.

Written in the Year 1716.

HOW blest is he, who for his country
dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from fate's
attack,
With trembling knees, and terror at his back;
Though fear should lend him pinions like
the wind,
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;

20 AD THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Nor stoops to take the *staff*, * nor lays it
down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where *Jove* a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be ev'ry secret barr'd:
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship with me.
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, heaven involve the
just?

And though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his
heels.

Ad AMICUM eruditum

THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scripsit Oct. Ann. Dom. 1717.

DELICIAE *Sheridan* musarum, dulcis
amice,
Sic tibi propitius *Permessi* ad flumen *Apollo*

* A white *staff* is the ensign of the lord treasurer's office.

Occurrat,

Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
 Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
 Malles; dic, *Sheridan*, quisnam fuit ille
 deorum,

Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
 Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima ce-
 rebri

Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula *Pallas*
 Astitit; & dixit, mentis præfaga futuræ,
 Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub fidere natus;
 Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis
 umbra;

Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cica-
 dam:

Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea
 crura.

Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
 Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
 Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta ju-
 ventus,

Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
 Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, *salutifer* orbi.
 Ast, illi causas orant; his insula visa est
 Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.

Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
 Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus *Apollo*

22 APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

Nascenti arrisit; five illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

Quin tu altè penitusque latentia femina
 cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis
 auras

Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpè puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos fuscitat ignes.

Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub
 aere natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Pessundat: nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.

Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona sibyllæ,
Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit avernus;
Sæpè puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Cælumque terrasque videt, noctemque pro-
 fundam.

APOLLO to the DEAN.

Written in the Year 1720.

RIGHT trusty, and so forth,—we let
 you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For

For first, I have often by chymists been told,
Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make
gold,

Which when you have got, you so careful-
ly hide it,

That, since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it.
Then it must be allow'd, that whenever I
shine,

I forward the grafs, and I ripen the vine ;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither
claret nor *beef* :

Yet their wine and their victuals these cur-
mudgeon * lubbards

Lock up from my sight in cellars and cup-
boards.

That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and sour all their
drink.

But thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd :

This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the
college,

Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.

* *Curmudgeon*, a word here
used as an adjective, now sig-
nifies a sordid niggardly fellow,
but was perhaps in its original

sense of more extensive import,
being probably a corruption of
cœur méchant, a wicked heart.

24 APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

This ev'ry pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment
or wit.

These gentlemen use me with kindness and
freedom,

And as for their works, when I please I
may read 'em :

They lie open on purpose on counters and
stalls,

And the titles I view, when I shine on the
walls.

But a comrade of yours, that traitor *Delany*,
Whom I for your sake love better than any,
And of *my mere motion, and special good grace*,
Intended in time to succeed in your place,
On *Tuesday* the tenth seditiously came
With a certain false traitrefs, one *Stella* by
name,

To the *deanery* house, and on the *north* glass,
Where for fear of the cold I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain
utenfil,

Of value five shillings, in *english* a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'rously write,
Whilst *Stella* aforesaid stood by with a light*.

* See Verses said to be cut by two of the Dean's friends upon a pane of glass in one of his parlours, among the posthumous pieces at the end of this volume.

My sister has lately depos'd upon oath,
 That she stopt in her course to look at them
 both:
 That *Stella* was helping, abetting and
 aiding;
 And still as he writ, stood smiling and read-
 ing:
 That her eyes were as bright as myself at
 noonday,
 But her graceful black locks were mingled
 with grey;
 And by the description I certainly know,
 'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years
 ago;
 Whom when I with the best of my talents
 endu'd
 On her promise of yielding, she acted the
 prude:
 That some verses were writ with felonious
 intent,
 Direct to the *north*, where I never went:
 That the letters appear'd reverse thro' the
 pane,
 But in *Stella's* bright eyes they were plac'd
 right again;

Wherein

26 APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

Wherein she distinctly could read ev'ry line,
And presently guess'd the fancy was mine*.
Now you see, why his verses so seldom are
shewn;

The reason is plain, they're none of his
own;

And observe while you live, that no man is
shy

To discover the goods he came honestly
by.

If I light on a thought, he'll certainly steal
it,

And when he has got it, find ways to con-
ceal it:

Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten, but what has my
mark;

And let them be seen by the world if he
dare,

I'll make it appear, they are all stolen
ware.

* The mechanism of this poem is formed upon a mistake, which a very slight consideration of the laws of vision would have prevented. The whole depends upon *Cynthia's* reading in *Stella's* eyes the writing,

which appeared inverted thro' the pane: but as the writing was not inverted on that side of the glass, at which *Stella* looked, it must necessarily be inverted in her eyes.

But as for the poem he writ on your fash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcrib'd it last night to his
forrow,

And the publick shall see't, if I live till to
morrow.

Thro' the *zodiac* around, it shall quickly be
spread

In all parts of the globe, where your lan-
guage is read.

He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that
are usual:

But the secret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verses on you, as my friend:
I studied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my
mind,

And resolv'd the next winter, (for that is my
time,

When the days are at shortest) to get it in
rhime;

'Till then it was lock'd in my box at *Par-*
nassus:

When that subtle companion, in hopes to
surpass us,

Conveys

28 APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conscience he deals with
old nick)

And from my own stock provided with to-
picks,

He gets to a window beyond both the
tropicks;

There out of my sight, just against the *north*
zone,

Writes down my conceits, and calls them
his own;

And you, like a cully, the bubble can swal-
low :

Now, who but *Delany*, that writes like *A-*
pollo ?

High treason by statute! but here you ob-
ject,

He only stole hints, but the verse is cor-
rect;

Tho' the thought be *Apollo's*, tis finely ex-
press'd.

So a thief steals my horse, and has him well
dress'd.

Now whereas the said criminal seems past
repentance,

We *Phæbus* think fit to proceed to the sen-
tence.

Since

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 29

Since *Delany* has dar'd, like *Prometheus* his
fire,

To climb to our region, and thence to steal
fire;

We order a vulture, in shape of the spleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be seen.

And we order our subjects of ev'ry degree
To believe all his verses were written by me:
And, under the pain of our highest displea-
sure,

To call nothing his but the rhyme and the
measure.

And lastly, for *Stella* just out of her prime,
I'm too much reveng'd already by time.

In return to her scorn, I sent her diseases,
But will now be her friend, whenever she
pleases:

And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her
a lover,

Tho' she lives to be grey as a badger all over.

*An ELEGY on the much lamented death
of Mr. Demar, the famous rich usurer,
who died the sixth of July 1720.*

Written in the Year 1720.

K NOW all men by these presents, death
the tamer

By mortgage hath secur'd the corps of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth
possest,

Bestow to bury him one iron chest.

Plutus the God of wealth will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.

He walk'd the streets, and wore a thread-
bare cloak;

He din'd and supp'd at charge of other
folk;

And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms;
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went, he never saw his *bettors*;
Lords, knights and *'squires*, were all his
humble debtors;

And

And under *band* and *seal* the *irish* nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.

He that could once have half a kingdom
bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not save,
Nor all his *int'rest* keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh *London* tavern *! thou hast lost a
friend,
Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
He *touch'd* the *pence* when others *touch'd*
the *pot*;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the
shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a pow'r to seize;
But as his gold he weigh'd, grim death in
spight
Cast in his dart, which made three moi-
dores light;
And as he saw his darling *money* fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.

* A tavern in *Dublin* where *Demar* kept his office.

He,

He, who so long was *current*, 'twould
 be strange
 If he shou'd now be *cry'd down* since his
change.

The *sexton* shall green sods on thee bestow:
 Alas, the *sexton* is thy *banker* now.
 A dismal *banker* must that *banker* be,
 Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality* †.

The Run upon the BANKERS.

Written in the Year 1720.

I.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
 Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
 Till *Neptune* with one gen'ral sweep
 Turns all again to barren strand.

II.

The multitude's capricious pranks
 Are said to represent the seas;
 Which *breaking bankers* and the *banks*,
 Resume *their own* whene'er they please.

† See an epitaph on this miser, vol. VI. p. 222.

III.

III.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

IV.

Because 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *aldermen* in state
Like *peers* have *levees* ev'ry day
Of duns attending at their gate.

V.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The *birds* are met to strip the *jays*.

VI.

Riches, the wisest monarch * sings,
Make pinions for themselves to fly:
They fly like bats on *parchment* wings,
And geese their *silver* plumes supply.

* *Solomon.*

VII.

No money left for squand'ring heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
 The wish of *Nero* now is theirs,
 That they *had never known their letters* *.

VIII.

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
 Tormenting fools behind their backs:
 Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
 Sit squeezing *images of wax* †.

IX.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
 The witches left in open air,
 With pow'r no more than other folk,
 Expos'd with all their *magick* ware.

X.

So pow'rful are a banker's bills,
 Where creditors demand their due;
 They break up counters, doors and tills,
 And leave the empty chests in view.

* It is said of *Nero*, that he wished he could not write.
 when he first came to the imperial dignity from the tutorage of *Seneca*, that being asked to sign a warrant for an execution

† Witches were fabled to torment the absent by roasting or otherwise ill treating their images in wax.

XI.

XI.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of *gold* and *hell*,
Unable to endure the fight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

XII.

As when a conj'rer takes a lease
From *Satan* for a terms of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the *bloody bond* * appears.

XIII.

A *baited* banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall;
They have his *soul*, who have his *bonds*;
'Tis like the *writing on the wall* †.

XIV.

How will the caitiff wretch be scar'd,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepar'd,
And all his *grand account* to make?

* These contracts were always supposed to be signed with blood.

† *Mene mene tekel uphar sin.*

XV.

For in that univerfal *call*
 Few bankers will to heav'n be mounters ;
 They'll cry, *ye shops, upon us fall,*
 Conceal and *cover us, ye counters :*

XVI.

When *other* hands the *scales* fhall hold,
 And they in *men and angels' fight*
 Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
Weigh'd in the ballance, and found light.

*The Description of an Irish Feast, trans-
 lated almost literally out of the original
 Irish.*

Translated in the Year 1720.

O *ROURK's* noble fare
 Will ne'er be forgot,
 By those who were there,
 Or those who were not.
 His revels to keep,
 We sup and we dine
 On seven score sheep,
 Fat bullocks and swine.

Uisquebaugh

Uisquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at least,
And a * madder our cup.
O there is the sport !
We rise with the light
In disorderly fort
From snoring all night.
O how was I trick'd !
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I lost my new cloak.
I'm rifled, quoth *Nell*,
Of mantle and † kercher :
Why then fare them well,
The de'el take the searcher.
Come, harper, strike up ;
But, first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup :
Ah ! this has some favour.
O *Rourk's* jolly boys
Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till rous'd by the noise
And musical clatter,

* Wooden vessel.

† Handkerchief.

They bounce from their nest,
 No longer will tarry,
 They rise ready drest,
 Without one *ave mary*.
 They dance in a round,
 Cutting capers and ramping;
 A mercy the ground
 Did not burst with their stamping.
 The floor is all wet
 With leaps and with jumps,
 While the water and sweat
 Splish splash in their pumps.
 Bless you late and early,
Laughlin O Enagin,
 By my * *band*, you dance rarely,
 † *Margery Grinagin*.
 Bring straw for our bed,
 Shake it down to the feet,
 Then over us spread,
 The winnowing sheet:
 To show I don't flinch,
 Fill the bowl up again;
 Then give us a pinch
 Of your sneezing, ‡ *a yean*.

* An *irish* oath.† The name of an *irish* woman.‡ An *irish* word for a woman.

Good lord, what a fight,
 After all their good cheer,
 For people to fight
 In the midst of their beer?
 They rise from their feast,
 And hot are their brains,
 A cubit at least
 The length of their * skeans.
 What stabs and what cuts,
 What clatt'ring of sticks;
 What strokes on the guts,
 What bastings and kicks!
 With cudgels of oak
 Well harden'd in flame
 An hundred heads broke,
 An hundred struck lame.
 You churl, I'll maintain
 My father built *Lusk*,
 The castle of *Slain*,
 And *Carrick Drumrusk* :
 The earl of *Kildare*
 And *Moynalta*, his brother
 As great as they are,
 I was nurs'd by their mother †.

* Daggers, or short swords. and their children foster-bro-

† It is the custom in *Ireland* thers or foster-sisters; and thus to call nurses foster-mothers; the poorest claim kindred to their husbands foster-fathers; the richest.

Ask that of old *madam*,
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as *Adam*,
 She knows it is true.
 Come down with that beam,
 If cudgels are scarce,
 A blow on the weam,
 Or a kick on the a—fe.

A French gentleman dining with some company on a fast-day, called for some bacon and eggs. The rest were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a sin: whereupon he wrote the following lines extempore, which are here translated.

PEU^T on croire avec bon sens,
 Qu'un lardon le mit en colere,
 Ou, que manger un harang,
 C'est un secret pour luy plaire?
 En sa gloire enveloppé,
 Songe t'il bien de nos soupé?

IN ENGLISH.

WHO can believe with common sense,
 A bacon-slice gives God offence,
 Or,

Or, how a herring hath a charm
 Almighty vengeance to disarm?
 Wrapt up in majesty divine,
 Does he regard on what we dine?

An excellent new SONG on a seditious
 pamphlet. *

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

Written in the Year 1720.

BROCADOS and damasks, and tab-
 bies, and gawses,
 Are by *Robert Ballentine* lately brought
 over,
 With forty things more: now hear what
 the law says,
 Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the
 king's lover.
 Tho' a printer and dean
 Seditiously mean
 Our true *irish* hearts from old *England* to
 wean;

* Proposal for the universal use of *irish* manufactures, for
 which *Waters* the printer was prosecuted. See vol. X.

We'll

We'll buy *english* filks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman
Waters.

II.

In *England* the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry
fye on;
To be cloath'd like a carcase would make
a teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lyon.
Our wives they grow fullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns
pull in.
Then we'll buy *english* filks for our wives
and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman
Waters.

III.

Whoever our trading with *England* would
hinder,
To *inflame* both the nations do plainly
conspire;
Because *irish* linen will soon turn to tinder;
And

And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes
fire.

Therefore I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the dean's book they were
in a great fury :
They would buy *english* filks for their wives,
and their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman
Waters.

IV.

This wicked rogue *Waters*, who always is
finning,
And before *Corum nobis* so oft has been
call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets
nor linen,
And, if swearing can do't, shall be swing-
ingly mawl'd :
And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce
come off clean.
Then we'll buy *english* filks for our wives
and our daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman
Waters. *Carberia*

*Carberiæ Rupes in Comitatu Cor-
gagenfi apud Hybernicos.*

Scriptit Jun. Ann. Dom. 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen scopuli, quod ver-
tice summo

Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undi-
que saxa

Horifono stridore tonant, & ad æthera mur-
mur

Erigitur; trepidatque suis *Neptunus* in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine
crebrâ

Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina
nutant;

Jam cadit in præceps moles, & verberat
undas.

Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, & *Pelion* altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigan-
tum.

Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur
hiatu

Exesa

Exesa è scopulis, & utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia
Phœbo.

Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura superne.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum sævit hyems, & venti carcere
rupto
Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina
montis.

Non obsessæ arces, non fulmina vindice
dextrâ
Missa jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente pro-
cellâ:

Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens assueta mari, & pedibus percurrere
rupes,
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relin-
quens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe
capellæ,
Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite relinquunt.

Piscator

Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem ;
 Sed latet in portu tremebundus, & aera
 fudum
 Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque
 fatigat.

We have added a translation of the preceding poem for the benefit of our english readers. It is done by Mr. W. Dunkin, M. A. for whom our supposed author hath expressed a great regard on account of his ingenious performances, although unacquainted with him.

Carbery rocks in the county of Cork, Ireland.

LO! from the top of yonder cliff, that
 shrouds
 Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
 Hangs a huge fragment; destitute of props
 Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops!
 With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound,
 From shore to shore the rocks return the
 found:

The

The dreadful murmur heaven's high convex cleaves,
And *Neptune* shrinks beneath his subject waves:
For, long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the found-
ing surge.
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world,
When *Jove* heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting *Pelion* from his dread abode,
To crush earth's rebel-sons beneath the load.

Oft too with hideous yawn the caverns wide
Present an orifice on either side,
A dismal orifice from sea to sea
Extended, pervious to the god of day:
Uncouthly join'd the rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm:

High

High on the cliff their nests the *woodquests*
make,
And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak winter with his fullen
train
Awakes the winds to vex the watry plain;
When o'er the craggy steep without con-
troul,
Big with the blast, the raging billows roul;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming
brand,
Darted from heav'n by *Jove's* avenging
hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded
tow'rs,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to
shore.
The neigh'bring race, tho' wont to brave
the shocks
Of angry seas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean
foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native
homes.

The

The goats, while pendent from the
mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Wash'd down the precipice with sudden
sweep
Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fisher with desponding eyes,
Tho' safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the
main.

UPON THE
HORRID PLOT
DISCOVERED BY
HARLEQUIN

The Bishop of *Rocheſter's* French
Dog. *

In a Dialogue between a *Whig* and a *Tory*.

Written in the Year 1723.

I Ask'd a whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answer'd, that a *dog* of late
Inform'd a miniſter of ſtate.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For, are not all informers ſo?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We ſtyle him by no other phraſe;
And ſo a perjur'd *dog* denotes
Porter, and *Prendergaſt*, and *Oates*,
And forty others I could name.

Whig. But you muſt know, this dog was
lame.

* See the proceedings in parliament againſt Dr. *Atterbury* the
biſhop of *Rocheſter*, *State Trials*, Vol. VI.

Tory.

Tory. A weighty argument indeed!
Your *evidence* was *lame* :—proceed :
Come, help your *lame dog o'er the style*.

Whig. Sir, you mistake me all this while :
I mean a *dog*, (without a joke.)
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.

Tory. I'm still to seek, which *dog* you
mean ;
Whether curr *Plunkett*, or whelp *Skean*,
An *english*, or an *irish* hound ;
Or t'other puppy that was drown'd,
Or *Mason*, that abandon'd bitch :
Then pray be free, and tell me which :
For ev'ry stander-by was marking,
That all the noise they made was *barking*.
You pay them well ; the *dogs* have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge pot :
And 'twas but just ; for wise men say,
That *ev'ry dog must have his day*.
Dog *Walpole* laid a quart of *nog* on't,
He'd either *make a hog or dog on't* ;
And lookt, since he has got his wish,
As if he had *thrown down a dish*.
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll soon *return to his own vomit*.

Whig. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By *Neynoe*, after he was drown'd.

Tory. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.

Whig. I prov'd my proposition full :
But *jacobites* are strangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly sir,
Our witness is a real *curr*,
A *dog* of spirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is *harlequin*, I wot,
And that's a name in ev'ry *plot* :
Resolv'd to save the *british* nation,
Though *french* by birth and education;
His correspondence plainly dated
Was all decypher'd and *translated* :
His answers were exceeding pretty
Before the secret wise committee:
Confest as plain as he could bark :
Then with his fore-foot set his *mark*.

Tory. Then all this while have I been
bubbled,
I thought it was a *dog* in *doublet* :
The matter now no longer sticks ;
For statesmen never want *dog-tricks*.
But since it was a real *curr*,
And not a *dog* in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.

Whig.

Whig. Yes, and a place he will grow
rich in;

A turn-spit in the royal kitchen.

Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,

We had occasion for a plot:

And, when we found the *dog* begin it,

We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.

Tory. I own it was a dang'rous project;

And you have prov'd it by *dog-logick*.

Sure such intelligence between

A *dog* and bishops ne'er was seen,

Till you began to change the breed;

Your bishops all are *d—gs* indeed.

J O A N *cudgels* N E D.

Written in the Year 1723.

J O A N *cudgels* Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will *cudgels* Bess, yet *Will's* a cully.

Die Ned and Bess, give *Will* to Joan,

She dares not say her life's her own.

Die Joan and *Will*; give Bess to Ned,

And ev'ry day she *combs* his head.

STELLA at *Wood-park*.

*A House of Charles Ford, Esq; eight miles
from Dublin.*

———*Cuicumque nocere volebat
Vestimento dabat pretiosa.*

Written in the Year 1723.

DON *Carlos* in a merry spight
Did *Stella* to his house invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With gen'rous wines and costly chear.
Don *Carlos* made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits:
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn:
A haunch of ven'son made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don *Carlos* earnestly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.

Through

Through candle light she view'd the wine
 To see, that ev'ry glass was fine.
 At last grown prouder than the devil
 With feeding high and treatment civil,
 Don *Carlos* now began to find
 His malice work as he design'd.
 The winter-fky began to frown,
 Poor *Stella* must pack off to town;
 From purling streams and fountains bub-
 bling,
 To * *Liffy's* stinking tide at *Dublin* :
 From wholesome exercise and air,
 To sossing in an easy chair :
 From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
 To piddle like a lady breeding :
 From ruling there the household singly,
 To be directed here by † *Dingly* :
 From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
 To half a joint, and *God be thanked* :
 From ev'ry meal *Pontack* in plenty,
 To half a pint one day in twenty :
 From *Ford* attending at her call,
 To visits of —————
 From *Ford*, who thinks of nothing mean,
 To the poor doings of the dean :

* The river that runs through *Dublin*.
 The two ladies lodged together.

† A lady :

From growing richer with good chear,
To running out by starving here.

But now arrives the dismal day ;
She must return to ‡ *Ormond Quay*.
The coachman stopt ; she look'd and swore
The rascal had mistook the door :
At coming in you saw her stoop ;
The entry brush'd against her hoop :
Each moment rising in her airs,
She curst the narrow winding stairs :
Began a thousand faults to spy ;
The ceiling hardly six feet high ;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks :
And half the chairs with broken backs :
Her quarter's out at *Lady-Day*,
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings, like a poor *Grizette*,
While there are lodgings to be let.

Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup :
When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape *Wood-park*.
Two bottles call'd for (half her store,
The cupboard could contain but four :)
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.

‡ Where the two ladies lodged,

Thus

Thus for a week the farce went on;
When all her country-savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the dean.

Thus far in jest: though now I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the least pretence;
Nor can be more securely plac'd,
Than on a nymph of *Stella's* taste.
I must confess, your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, though in miniature, you shine:
Yet when you sigh to leave *Wood-park*,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down;
We think you quite mistake the case,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is *Wood-park* with you.

A quibbling ELEGY on the worshipful
Judge *Boat*.

Written in the Year 1723.

TO mournful ditties, *Clio*, change thy
note,

Since cruel fate hath *sunk* our justice *Boat*.
Why should he *sink*, where nothing seem'd
to press?

His *lading* little, and his *ballast* less.

Toft in the *waves* of this *tempestuous* world,
At length, his *anchor* fixt and *canvas* furl'd,
To * *Lazy-hill* retiring from his court,
At his * *Ring's end* he *founders* in the *port*.
With † *water* fill'd he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a stronger *boat*.

A post so fill'd, on nature's laws entrenches :

Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on
benches.

And yet our *Boat*, how shall I reconcile it?
Was both a *Boat*, and in one sense a *pilot*.

* Two villages near the sea, where boatmen and seamen live.
† It was said he died of a dropsy.

With ev'ry *wind* he *sail'd*, and well cou'd
tack:

Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a * *Jack*.
 He's gone, although his friends began to
 hope,

That he might yet be lifted by a *rope*.

Behold the awful *bench*, on which he sat;
 He was as *hard* and pond'rous *wood* as that:
 Yet, when his *sand* was out, we find at last,
 That death has *overset* him with a *blast*.

Our *Boat* is now *sail'd* to the *Stygian* ferry,
 There to supply old *Charon's* leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry souls to hell;

A trade, our † *Boat* hath practis'd here so
 well:

And *Cerberus* hath ready in his paws
 Both *pitch* and *brimstone* to fill up his *flaws*.
 Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
 We may place *Boat* in his old *post* again.
 The way is thus; and well deserves your
 thanks:

Take the three strongest of his broken planks;
 Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
 Form'd like the triple-tree near ‡ *Stephen's*
green;

* A cant word for a *jacobite*.
 judge.

† In hanging people as a

‡ Where the *Dublin* gallows stands.

And,

And, when we view it thus with thief at
 end on't,
 We'll cry; look, here's our *Boat*, and there's
 the *pendant*.

The E P I T A P H.

HERE lies judge Boat within a coffin;
 Pray, gentle-folks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes, you must agree,
No Boat was better deckt than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
*In short, he was an able * sculler.*

A Receipt to restore *Stella's* Youth.

Written in the Year 1724-5.

THE *scottish* hinds, too poor to house
 In frosty nights their starving cows,
 While not a blade of grass or hay
 Appears from *Michaelmas* to *May*,
 Must let their cattle range in vain
 For food along the barren plain.

* *Query*, Whether the author meant *scholar*, and wilfully
 mistook.

Meagre

Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
 And nothing left but skin and bone;
 Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
 They just keep life and soul together,
 'Till summer show'rs and evening's dew
 Again the verdant glebe renew;
 And as the vegetables rise,
 The famish'd cow her want supplies:
 Without an ounce of last year's flesh;
 Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
 Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
 As rising from *Medea's* kettle,
 With youth and beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant *.

Why, *Stella*, should you knit your brow,
 If I compare you to the cow?
 'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
 So long, till all your flesh is wasted,
 And must against the warmer days
 Be sent to * *Quilca* down to graze;
 Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
 Will soon your appetite repair:
 The nutriment will from within
 Round all your body plump your skin;

* *Jupiter* is fabled to have stolen *Europa* in the shape of a bull.
 † Dr. *Sheridan's* house, seven or eight miles from *Dublin*.

Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood:
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor ought of *Stella* but the name;
For, what was ever understood
By human kind, but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former *you*;
But for a blooming nymph will pass
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the squires from nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o' *quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'um,
Shall leave deciding broken pates
To kiss your steps at *Quilca* gates.
But lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case:
For if to *Michaelmas* you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away;
The 'squires in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse:
But here, before the frost can marr it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

* WHITSHED'S *Motto on his Coach.*

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

Liberty and my native country.

Written in the Year 1724.

LIBERTAS *et natale solum*:
Fine words! I wonder where you stole
'em.

Could nothing, but thy chief reproach,
Serve for a motto on thy coach?

But let me now the words translate:

Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it:
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them, till I squeeze their blood.

Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And secondly, to shew my fury
Against an un-complying jury;
And thirdly, 'tis a new invention
To favour *Wood* and keep my pension;

* The chief justice who prosecuted the *Drapier*. See his Letters.

And

And fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
 Get the great seal, and turn out *Brod'rick*;
 And fifthly (you know whom I mean)
 To humble that vexatious dean;
 And sixthly, for my soul, to barter it *
 For fifty times its worth to *Carteret* †.

Now, since your motto thus you construe
 I must confess you've spoken once true.

Libertas et natale solum:

You had good reason, when you stole 'em.

*Sent by Dr. DELANY to Dr. SWIFT,
 in order to be admitted to speak to him,
 when he was deaf.*

Written in the Year 1724.

DEAR sir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
 Your ears and doors should both be
 barr'd.

Can any thing be more unkind?
 Must I not see, 'cause you are blind?
 Methinks a friend at night shou'd cheer you,
 A friend, that loves to see and hear you.
 Why am I robb'd of that delight,
 When you can be no loser by't?

* (*i. e.*) Liberty to barter his soul.
 lieutenant of Ireland.

† *Carteret*, lord

Nay,

Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
 That if you heard you'd be no gainer.
 For sure you are not yet to learn,
 That hearing is not your concern;
 Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
 Your business, sir, is to be heard.

The ANSWER.

THE wise pretend to make it clear,
 'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
 Why are we then so fond of two,
 When by experience one would do?
 'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
 And there's an end; the man is dead;
 Because, among all human race,
 None e'er was known to have a brace:
 But confidently they maintain,
 That where we find the members twain,
 The loss of one is no such trouble,
 Since t'other will in strength be double.
 The limb surviving, you may swear,
 Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
 Thus for a trial let me beg of
 Your rev'rence but to cut one leg off,
 And you shall find, by this device
 The other will be stronger twice;

F

For,

For, ev'ry day you shall be gaining
 New vigour to the leg remaining.
 So, when an eye hath lost its brother,
 You see the better with the other.
 Cut off your hand, and you may do
 With t'other hand the work of two:
 Because, the soul her power contracts,
 And on the brother limb *re-acts*.

But, yet the point is not so clear in
 Another case, the sense of hearing:
 For though the place of either ear
 Be distant, as one head can bear;
 Yet *Galen* most acutely shews you,
 (Consult his book *de partium usu*)
 That from each ear, as he observes,
 There creep two auditory nerves,
 Not to be seen without a glass,
 Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
 Thence to the neck; and moving thorow
 there

One goes to this, and one to t'other ear,
 Which made my grand-dame always stuff-
 her ears

Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
 You see my learning; but to shorten it,
 When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
 To

To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I solve this hard *phænomenon*.

'Tis true, a glafs will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were loft,
Would guard your nose againft a poft:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are ftronger, and almoft as good:
And as for hands, there have been thofe,
Who wanting both have us'd their toes*;
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnifh artificial ears.

A quiet LIFE and a good NAME.

To a friend who married a fhrew.

Written in the Year 1724.

NELL fcolled in fo loud a din,
That *Will* durft hardly venture in:
He markt the conjugal difpute;
Nell roar'd incessant, *Dick* fate mute;
But when he faw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, patience, good my dear.

* There was about this time a man fhewed, who wrote with his foot.

At sight of *Will* she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out and clapt the door.

Why *Dick*! the devil's in thy *Nell*,
(Quoth *Will*) thy house is worse than hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
Damn her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease.
Dear *Will*, I suffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture you know exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *seek peace, and ensue it*.

Will went again to visit *Dick*;
And ent'ring in the very nick,
He saw virago *Nell* belabour,
With *Dick's* own staff his peaceful neighbour:
bour:

Poor *Will*, who needs must interpose,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

But now, to make my story short;
Will drew out *Dick* to take a quart.
Why *Dick*, thy wife has dev'lish whims;
Ods-buds, why don't you break her limbs?
If she were mine, and had such tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle sticks:

Z—ds,

Z——ds, I would ship her to *Jamaica*,
 Or truck the carrion for *tobacco* :
 I'd send her far enough away——
 Dear *Will*; but what would people say ?
 Lord! I should get so ill a name,
 The neighbours round would cry out shame.

Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
 But who believ'd him, when he said it?
 Can he, who makes himself a slave,
 Consult his peace, or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
 His quiet small, his credit less.
 She serv'd him at the usual rate;
 She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate.
 And, what he thought the hardest case,
 The parish jeer'd him to his face;
 Those men, who wore the breeches least,
 Call'd him a cuckold, fool and beast.
 At home he was pursu'd with noise;
 Abroad was pester'd by the boys:
 Within, his wife would break his bones;
 Without, they pelted him with stones:
 The 'prentices procur'd a riding*
 To act his patience, and her chiding.

* A riding, a humorous cavalcade still practised in some parts of *England* to ridicule a scolding wife and henpecked husband: a woman bestrides

the horse, and with a ladle chastises a man, who sits on a pillion behind her with his face to the horse's tail.

False patience and mistaken pride!
 There are ten thousand *Dicks* beside;
 Slaves to their quiet and good name
 Are us'd like *Dick*, and bear the blame.

Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing riddles, and sending them to him and their other acquaintance; copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The author at his leisure hours fell into the same amusement; although it be said, that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use. However, by the advice of some persons, for whom the author hath a great esteem, and who were pleased to send the copies, the few following have been published, (which are allowed to be genuine :) because, we are informed that several good judges have a taste for such kind of compositions.

A

R I D D L E.

Written in the Year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
 Or bathing in the waters fair,

Nature

Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white:
My person tall, and slender waste,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
'Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stript me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue and make me speak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice, or his lust.
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.

Without my aid the best divine
 In learning would not know a line:
 The lawyer must forget his pleading;
 The scholar could not shew his reading.

Nay; man my master is my slave:
 I give command to kill or save,
 Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
 And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But, while I thus my life relate,
 I only hasten on my fate.
 My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
 I hardly now can force a word.
 I die unpitied and forgot,
 And on some dunghill left to rot.

II.

A N O T H E R.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
 To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
 How is the greatest monarch blest,
 When in my gaudy liv'ry drest!
 No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
 From me; or my embraces shun.
 Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
 My constancy is still the same.

The

The fav'rite messenger of *Jove* *,
 And *Lemnian* God † consulting strove
 To make me glorious to the fight
 Of mortals, and the Gods delight.
 Soon would their altars flame expire,
 If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

A N O T H E R.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
 Lo, here I stand with *double face* ;
Superior none on earth I find ;
 But see *below me* all mankind.
 Yet, as it oft attends the great,
 I almost *sink* with my own *weight*.
 At every *motion* undertook,
 The vulgar all consult my *look*.
 I sometimes give advice in *writing*,
 But never of my own *inditing*.

I am a courtier in my way ;
 For those who *rais'd* me, I *betray* ;
 And some give out, that I entice
 To lust and luxury and dice :
 Who punishments on me inflict,
 Because they find their pockets pickt.

* *Mercury*.† *Vulcan*.

By riding *post* I lose my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV.

A N O T H E R.

BECAUSE I am by nature *blind*,
I wisely chuse to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my *face*.
My *words* are few, but spoke with *sense*:
And yet my *speaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *opprest*,
And my *oppression* gives them *rest*.

Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors ev'ry art instil.
By thousands I am *sold* and *bought*,
Who neither get, nor lose a groat;
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But those who give me *greatest pain*.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my *caterer* and *taster*?
Yet though I always have my will,
I'm but a meer *depender* still:

An

An humble *hanger-on* at best;
Of whom all people *make a jest*.

In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a diff'rent kind:
I'm too profuse, some cens'ers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly*:
While others give me many a curse,
Because too *close* I hold my *purse*.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not *charge* me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, sometimes I *save*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But when the year is at an end,
Computing what I *get* and *spend*,
My *goings out*, and *comings in*,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the *middle way*.
I'm always by my betters led;
I last *get up*, am first *a-bed*;
Though, if I rise *before my time*,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretel
Good luck to those, with whom I dwell.

V.

A N O T H E R.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestick subject for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care ;
I saw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the *british* crown ;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste *Diana's* infant face ;
And whensoe'er you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine :
Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
And oft in *Celia's* tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
I'll shew the world strange things and true ;
What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee.
The soul of man with spleen you vex ;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends :
He gives ; and with a gen'rous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide :

Nor

Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night ;
Conceal your form with various tricks ;
And few know how or where you fix.
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Mean time, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art ;
Or, but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain :
But the fly giver better knows thee ;
Who feels true joys, when he bestows thee.

VI.

A N O T H E R.

THOUGH I, alas! a pris'ner be,
My trade is pris'ners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such *insinuating* ways.
My genius *piercing*, *sharp* and *bright*,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And *turn* and *wind* me as they please.

A new

A new and wond'rous art I show
 Of raising spirits from below ;
 In *scarlet* some, and some in *white* :
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
 In at each *mouth* the *spirits* pass,
 Distinctly seen as through a glass :
 O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
 And drive at last all *secrets* out :
 And still, the more I show my art,
 The more they *open ev'ry heart*.

A greater chymist none, than I,
 Who from *materials hard and dry*
 Have taught men to *extract* with skill
 More precious juice than from a still.

Although I'm often *out of case*,
 I'm not ashamed to show my *face*.
 Though at the tables of the great
 I near the side board take my seat ;
 Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
 Is never pleas'd till I make one :
 He kindly bids me near him stand ;
 And often takes me by the *hand*.

I twice a day a *hunting* go ;
 Nor ever fail to *seize my foe* ;

And,

And, when I have him by the *pole*
I drag him upwards from his *bole*,
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.

I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can *break*, but scorn to *bend*.

VII.

A N O T H E R.

The gulph of all human possessions.

Written in the Year 1724.

COME hither and behold the fruits,
Vain man, of all thy vain pursuits.
Take wise advice, and *look behind*,
Bring all *past* actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad *reverse* appears!

This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:

Here

Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals endless toils :
Here, with an easy search we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traytors, who their country fold.

This gulph insatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.

Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw ;
All prompted by the same *desire*,
The vig'rous youth, and aged fire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For while the bashful sylvan maid,
As half asham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that, which dwelt so *near her heart*;

The

The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profusely pours her *off'rings* here.

A treasure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an antient sage,
And millions of the present age.

In at this gulph all *off'rings* pass,
And 'lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion to restore mankind
Was bid to throw the stones *behind*;
So those, who here their gifts convey,
Are forc'd to *look another way*;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave;
Where each supply of *dead* renews
Unwholesome *damps*, *offensive dews* :
And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms*, and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die ;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night ;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.

And here fix virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of *Venus* seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen :
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest ;
I saw them of their garments stript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript,
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn ;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting place at last.

Here oft the curious trav'ler finds
The combat of *opposing winds* :
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws ;
Why at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*,
He feels at once both *north* and *south* :

Whether

Whether the winds in caverns pent
 Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent;
 Or whether, *op'ning all his stores*,
 Fierce *æolus* in tempest roars.

Yet from this *mingled mass* of things
 In time a new creation springs.
 These *crude* materials once shall rise
 To fill the earth, and air, and skies:
 In various forms appear again
 Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
 So *Jove* pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

A N O T H E R.

LOUISA to STREPHON.

Written in the Year 1724.

A H, *Strephon*, how can you despise
 Her, who without thy pity dies?
 To *Strephon* I have still been true,
 And of as noble blood as you;
 Fair issue of the genial bed,
 A virgin in thy bosom bred;
 Embrac'd thee closer than a wife;
 When thee I leave, I leave my life.

Why should my shepherd take amiss,
That oft I wake thee with a kiss?
Yet you of ev'ry kiss complain;
Ah, is not love a pleasing pain?
A pain which ev'ry happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;
With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.

Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If *Chloe* o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desp'rate nails;
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.

Consider *Strephon* what you do;
For should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin, a num'rous host,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the *memphian* king;
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,

Who

Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
 And scorn the pleasures of a court;
 From whom great *Sylla* found his doom;
 Who scourg'd to death that scourge of *Rome*,
 Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
 Thou, like *Alcides*, shalt expire,
 When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
 And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
 Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
 Cut from the piece that made her shift,
 Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
 And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

A N O T H E R.

Written in the Year 1725.

DEPRIV'D of root, and branch, and
 rind,
 Yet flow'rs I bear of ev'ry kind;
 And such is my prolifick pow'r,
 They bloom in less than half an hour:
 Yet standers-by may plainly see
 They get no nourishment from me.
 My head with giddiness goes round;
 And yet I firmly stand my ground:

All over naked I am seen,
 And painted like an *indian* queen.
 No couple-beggar in the land,
 E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand;
 I join them fairly with a *ring*;
 Nor can our parson blame the thing:
 And tho' no marriage words are spoke,
 They part not till the *ring* is broke,
 Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
 I'm but an idol rais'd on high;
 And once a weaver in our town,
 A damn'd *cromwellian* knock'd me down.
 I lay a pris'ner twenty years,
 And then the jovial cavaliers
 To their old post restor'd all three,
 I mean the church, the king, and me.

VERSES *on the upright judge, who con-*
demned the Drapier's printer.

Written in the Year 1724.

THE church I hate, and have good rea-
 son;
 For there my grandfire cut his weazon:
 He cut his weazon at the altar;
 I keep my gullet for the halter.

On the Same.

IN church your grandfire cut his throat :
 To do the jobb too long he tarry'd,
 He should have had my hearty vote,
 To cut his throat before he marry'd.

On the Same.

(The Judge speaks.)

I'M not the grandson of that afs * *Quin* ;
 Nor can you prove it, Mr. *Pasquin*.
 My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
 And bore my mother by a 'prentice,
 This, when my grandfire knew, they tell
 us he
 In *Christ-church* cut his throat for jealousy.
 And, since the alderman was mad you say
 Then I must be so too, *ex traduce*.

* An alderman.

A SIMILE, *on our want of Silver, and
the only way to remedy it.*

Written in the Year 1725.

AS when of old some forc'refs threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believ'd with reason,
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell:
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her *silver* face again.
(Note here, that in the chymic style,
The moon is *silver* all this while.)

So, (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician*,
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,

* A great lady is reported to have been bribed by *Wood*.
Expos'd,

Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
 A † parchment of prodigious size;
 Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
 There was no silver to be seen.
 But, to this parchment let the *Drapier*
 Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
 And ring *Wood's* copper in our ears
 So loud, 'till all the nation hears;
 That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
 And drive the conj'ers to the devil:
 And when the sky is grown serene
 Our silver will appear again.

On WOOD the iron-monger.

Written in the Year 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the *Grecian* tale is,
 Was a mad copper-smith of *Elis*;
 Up at his forge by morning peep,
 No creature in the lane could sleep.
 Among a crew of royst'ring fellows
 Would sit whole ev'nings at the alehouse:
 His wife and children wanted bread,
 While he went always drunk to bed.

† A patent to *William Wood*, for coining half-pence.

90 WOOD THE IRON-MONGER.

This vap'ring scab must needs devise
 To ape the thunder of the skies :
 With *brass* two fiery steeds he shod,
 To make a clatt'ring as they trod.
 Of polish'd *brass* his flaming car
 Like lightning dazzled from afar,
 And up he mounts into the box,
 And he must thunder, with a pox.
 Then, furious he begins his march,
 Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch :
 With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
 Among the trembling crowd below.
 All ran to pray'rs, both priests and laity,
 To pacify this angry deity ;
 When *Jove*, in pity to the town,
 With real thunder knock'd him down.
 Then what a huge delight were all in,
 To see the wicked varlet sprawling ;
 They search'd his pockets on the place,
 And found his copper all was base ;
 They laugh'd at such an *irish* blunder,
 To take the noise of brass for thunder.

The moral of this tale is proper,
 Apply'd to *Wood's* adult'rate copper :
 Which, as he scatter'd, we like dolts
 Mistook at first for thunder-bolts ;

Before

Before the *Drapier* shot a letter,
 (Nor *Jove* himself could do it better)
 Which lighting on th' impostor's crown,
 Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WOOD an INSECT.

Written in the Year 1725.

BY long observation I have understood,
 That two little vermin are kin to
Will Wood.

The first is an insect they call a *wood-louse*,
 That folds up itself in itself for a house:
 As round as a ball, without head, without
 tail,

Inclos'd *cap-a-pe* in a strong coat of mail.
 And thus *William Wood* to my fancy ap-
 pears

In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears:
 And, over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
 To keep out of danger, * a doublet of stone.

The louse of the *wood* for a med'cine is
 us'd,
 Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd.

* He was in jayl for debt.

And,

And, let but our mother *Hibernia* contrive
To swallow *Will Wood* either bruise'd or
alive,

She need be no more with the jaundice poss-
est,

Or sick of *obstructions*, and *pains in her*
chest.

The next is an insect we call a *wood*-worm,
That lies in old *Wood* like a hare in her
form;

With teeth or with claws it will bite or will
scratch,

And chambermaids christen this worm a
death-watch;

Because like a watch it always cries *click* :
Then woe be to those in the house who are
sick :

For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the
ghost,

If the maggot cries *click*, when it scratches
the post.

But a kettle of scalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected :

The omen is broken, the danger is over ;
The maggot will die, and the sick will re-
cover.

Such

Such a worm was *Will Wood*, when he
scratch'd at the door

Of a governing statesman or favourite
whore:

The death of our nation he seem'd to foretel,
And the sound of his brags we took for our
knell.

But now since the *Drapier* hath heartily
maul'd him,

I think the best thing we can do is to scald
him.

For which operation there's nothing more
proper

Than the liquor he deals in, his own melt-
ed copper;

Unless, like the *Dutch*, you rather would boil
This coiner of † *raps* in a cauldron of oil.

Then chuse which you please, and let each
bring a faggot,

For our fear's at an end with the death of
the maggot.

† A cant word in *Ireland* for a counterfeit half-penny.

T O Q U I L C A,
A Country-House of *Dr. Sheridan*

In no very good R E P A I R,

*Where the supposed Author, and some of his Friends,
spent a summer in the Year 1725.*

LET me thy properties explain,
A rotten cabbin dropping rain ;
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoak ;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bed-steds broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
In vain we make poor *Sheelah* † toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills and plains,
The goddess *want* in triumph reigns ;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, dirt, and theft around her wait.

† An *irish* name.

HORACE,

H O R A C E,

O D E XIV. B O O K I.

Paraphrased and Inscribed to *IRELAND*.

Written in the Year 1725-6.

T H E I N S C R I P T I O N.

*Poor floating isle, tost on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Altho' the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a-while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.*

I. **U**NHAPPY ship, thou art return'd
in vain:
New waves shall drive thee to the deep
again.

I. *O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.*

Look

Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
2. Of giddy winds, but make some friendly
port.

3. Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to
guide,

Like faithful counsellors on either side.

4. Thy mast, which like some aged patriot
stood

The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough *eastern*
wind.

5. Your cables burst, and you must quickly
feel

The waves impetuous enter at your
keel.

Thus, commonwealths receive a foreign
yoke,

When the strong cords of union once are
broke,

2. ———— *Fortiter occupa
Portum :*

3. *Nudum remigio latus.*

4. ———— *Malus celeri saucius Africo.*

5. ———— *Ac sine funibus*

Vix durare carinæ

Possint imperiosius

Æquor ?

6. Torn

6. Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a publick cause
His pen to save a sinking nation draws,
While all is calm his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
'Till pow'r discharging all her stormy
bags

Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation scar'd, the author doom'd to
death,
Who fondly put his trust in pop'lar breath.

- A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
7. There's not a pow'r above will help you
now:

A nation thus, who oft heav'n's call
neglects,
In vain from injur'd heav'n relief expects.

8. 'Twill not avail, when thy strong fides
are broke,
That thy descent is from the *british* oak;

6. *Non tibi sunt integra lintea.*

7. *Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.*

8. *Quamvis pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis.*

Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the *gallic*
coast.

Such was *Ierne's* claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the *british* line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still
remains

On *french* records for twenty long cam-
paigns :

Yet, from an empress now a captive
grown,

She sav'd *Britannia's* rights, and lost her
own.

9. In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted
sides ;

Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day
night :

They on the gold brocades and fattins
rav'd,

And quite forgot their country was en-
flav'd.

9. *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus.*

10. Dear

10. Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
 Nor change thy course with ev'ry sudden gust:
 Like supple patriots of the modern fort,
 Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows
 from court.

11. Weary and sea-sick when in thee
 confin'd,
 Now for thy safety cares distract my
 mind;
 As those, who long have stood the storms
 of state,
 Retire, yet still bemoan their country's
 fate.
 Beware, and when you hear the furies
 roar,
 Avoid the rocks on *Britain's* angry shore.
 They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
 For thee alone they lie the island round.

10. *Fidit; tu, nisi ventis
 Debes ludibrium, cave.*

11. *Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
 Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
 Interfusa nitentes
 Vites æquora Cycladas.*

*On reading Dr. YOUNG's Satyrs called
the Universal Passion, by which he means
Pride.*

Written in the Year 1726.

IF there be truth in what you sing,
Such god-like virtues in the king;
A minister * so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common-weal:
If he †, who in the chair presides,
So steadily the senate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in this glorious scheme:
If ev'ry peer, whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest?
No falshood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair *justice* shines;
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now *pride* and cruelty are flown,
And *mercy* here exalts her throne:
For such is good example's power,
It does its office ev'ry hour,

* Sir R. Walpole, late earl
of Orford.

† Compton, the speaker at
that time.

Where

Where governors are good and wise ;
Or else the trueſt maxim lyes :
For ſo we find all ancient ſages
Decree, that *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Rip'ning and kindling like the ſun.
If this be true, then how much more,
When you have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If poſſible, as good as he?

Or, take it in a diff'rent view.
I aſk, (if what you ſay be true)
If you affirm the preſent age,
Deſerves your ſatire's keenest rage :
If that ſame *universal paſſion*
With ev'ry vice hath fill'd the nation :
If virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle ſtep beneath the crown :
If clergymen to ſhew their wit
Praise *clafficks* more than holy writ :
If bankrupts when they are undone,
Into the ſenate houſe can run ;
And ſell their votes at ſuch a rate,
As will retrieve a loſt eſtate :
If law be ſuch a partial whore
To ſpare the rich, and plague the poor :

If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst?

The DOG and THIEF.

Written in the Year 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, let me
into your door,
And I'll give you these delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I should then be more vil-
lain than you're,
And besides, must be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread.
You'll fly, when you get what you came
here to steal,
And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stock-jobber thus from *Change-Alley*
goes down,
And tips you, the freeman, a wink;
Let me have but your vote to serve for the
town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Said

GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS. 103

Said the freeman, your guinea to night
would be spent ;
Your offers of bribery cease ;
I'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay
rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From *London* they come silly people to
chouse,
Their lands and their faces unknown.
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-
house,
That would turn a man out of his own?

ADVICE *to the* GRUB-STREET
Verse-Writers.

Written in the Year 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste ;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste,
I know a trick to make you thrive ;
O, 'tis a quaint device :
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
 Then let them well be dry'd;
 And *Curl* must have a special care
 To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing *Pope*;
 And when he sits to write,
 No letter with an *envelope* *
 Could give him more delight.

When *Pope* has fill'd the margins round,
 Why then recall your loan;
 Sell them to *Curl* for fifty pound,
 And swear they are your own.

*On seeing Verses written upon
 Windows in Inns.*

Written in the Year 1726.

I.

THE sage, who said he should be proud
 Of windows in his breast,
 Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
 That might not be confest;

* A blank cover.

His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
 His breast again would cover;
 And fairly bid the devil take
 The diamond and the lover.

II.

A N O T H E R.

BY *Satan* taught, all conj'ers know
 Your mistrefs in a glafs to show,
 And you can do as much:
 In this the devil and you agree:
 None e'er made verses worse than he,
 And thine I swear are such.

III.

A N O T H E R.

THAT love is the devil I'll prove when
 requir'd;
 Those rhymers abundantly show it:
 They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
 And the devil's a damnable poet.

IV. A N O-

IV.

A N O T H E R.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
 Are very near a-kin;
 Both weather-beaten are without;
 And empty both within.

A

PASTORAL DIALOGUE

B E T W E E N

Richmond-Lodge and Marble-Hill.

Written *June* 1727, just after the news of the late king's death, to which time this note must also be referred.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a house with a small park belonging to the crown: it was usually granted by the crown for a lease of years; the duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After his exile it was given to the prince of Wales by the king. The prince and princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-

MARBLE-HILL is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now countess of Suffolk, and groom of the stole to the queen. It is on the Middlesex side near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lives, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, lord Herbert the architect, and the dean of St. Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the ice-house. Upon king George's death these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.

* I N spight of Pope, in spight of Gay,
And all that he or they can say;
Sing on I must, and sing I will
Of Richmond-lodge, and Marble-hill.

Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen:

* This poem was carried to court, and read ^{to} the king and queen.

You'll

You'll find it soon by woeful proof,
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we should put no trust in princes :
My royal master promis'd me
To raise me to a high degree ;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends ;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

MARBLE-HILL.

My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know ;
And now she will not have a shilling
To raise the stairs, or build the cieling ;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound ;
'Tis come to what I always thought :
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn :

For

For those we dext'rous courtiers call,
 Can rise upon their master's *fall*.
 But we unlucky and unwise
 Must *fall*, because our masters *rise*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My master scarce a fortnight since
 Was grown as wealthy as a prince ;
 But now it will be no such thing,
 For he'll be poor as any *king* :
 And by his crown will nothing get ;
 But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the dean, that grave divine,
 Shall keep the key of my no—wine ;
 My ice-house rob, as heretofore,
 And steal my artichoaks no more ;
 Poor *Patty Blount* no more be seen
 Bedraggled in my walks so green :
 Plump *Johnny Gay* will now elope ;
 And here no more will dangle *Pope*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here went the *dean*, when he's to seek,
 To sponge a breakfast once a week ;

To

110 A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
 Complaints against the royal butter.
 But now I fear it will be said,
 No butter sticks upon his bread.
 We soon shall find him full of spleen,
 For want of tattling to the queen;
 Stunning her royal ears with talking;
 His *rev'rence* and her *highness* walking :
 Whilst * lady *Charlotte*, like a stroller,
 Sits mounted on the garden roller.
 A goodly sight to see her ride
 With ancient † *Mirmont* at her side.
 In velvet cap his head lies warm;
 His hat for show beneath his arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

Some *south-sea* broker from the city
 Will purchase me, the more's the pity;
 Lay all my fine plantations waste
 To fit them to his vulgar taste;
 Chang'd for the worse in ev'ry part,
 My master *Pope* will break his heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own *Thames* may I be drowned,
 If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head :

* *Lady Charlotte de Rouffy,*
a French lady.

† *Marquis de Mirmont, a*
french man of quality.

Except

Except her majesty prevails
To place me with the prince of *Wales*;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, *Pope*:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In *summer* on my verdant lap:
Prefer our *villa's*, where the *Thames* is,
To *Kensington*, or hot *St. James's*;
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit:
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetick words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle * *Moody* for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tipling at the *dog* and *partridge*;

* The gardener.

And

112 DESIRE AND POSSESSION.

And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to brush my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear *Marble-hill* ;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happinesses——and so adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind *Richmond-lodge*, the same to you.

DESIRE and POSSESSION.

Written in the Year 1727.

'TIS strange, what diff'rent thoughts
inspire
In men, *Possession* and *Desire* !
Think what they wish so great a blessing ;
So disappointed when possessing !

A moralist profoundly sage,
I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
Related thus the following tale.

Possession and *Desire*, his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were

Were seen contending in a race;
 And kept at first an equal pace:
 'Tis said, their course continued long;
 For this was active, that was strong:
 Till envy, slander, sloth, and doubt,
 Misled them many a league about.
 Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
 They take the wrong way for the right:
 Through flipp'ry by-roads dark and deep
 They often climb, and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
 Along the plain like lightning flew:
 Till entering on a broad highway,
 Where *power* and *titles* scatter'd lay,
 He strove to pick up all he found,
 And by excursions lost his ground:
 No sooner got, than with disdain
 He threw them on the ground again;
 And hasted forward to pursue
 Fresh objects fairer to his view;
 In hope to spring some nobler game;
 But all he took was just the same:
 Too scornful now to stop his pace,
 He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road;
 And gather'd all his brother strow'd;

I

But

But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight :
It was a tow'r of monstrous height ;
Where on the summit *fortune* stands ;
A crown and scepter in her hands,
Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
Desire, in rapture gaz'd a while,
And saw the treach'rous goddess smile ;
But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down.
He tumbled in the gulph profound ;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight :
And as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey ;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcase light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

On C E N S U R E.

Written in the Year 1727.

YE wise, instruct me to endure
 An evil, which admits no cure:
 Or, how this evil can be born,
 Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
 Bare innocence is no support,
 When you are try'd in scandal's court.
 Stand high in honour, wealth or wit;
 All others who inferior sit,
 Conceive themselves in conscience bound
 To join and drag you to the ground.
 Your altitude offends the eyes
 Of those, who want the pow'r to rise.
 The world, a willing stander-by,
 Inclines to aid a specious lye:
 Alas, they would not do you wrong,
 But all appearances are strong.

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
 On what detracting people say;
 For let mankind discharge their tongues
 In venom, till they burst their lungs,
 Their utmost malice cannot make
 Your head, or tooth, or finger ake:

Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
 Or put one feature out of place;
 Nor will you find your fortune sink
 By what they speak, or what they think;
 Nor can ten hundred thousand lyes
 Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.

The most effectual way to baulk
 Their malice, is——to let them talk.

The Furniture of a Woman's M I N D.

Written in the Year 1727.

A Set of phrases learnt by rote;
 A passion for a scarlet-coat;
 When at a play to laugh, or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the reason why;
 Never to hold her tongue a minute,
 While all she prates has nothing in it;
 Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
 And take his nonsense all for wit;
 Her learning mounts to read a song,
 But half the words pronouncing wrong;
 Hath ev'ry repartee in store,
 She spoke ten thousand times before;

Can

Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions, cut and dry ;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The fight will put her in a swoon ;
For conversation well endu'd,
She calls it witty to be rude ;
And placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing ;
Nor makes a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose ;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before ;
Improving hourly in her skill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In chusing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price ;
Can in her female clubs dispute,
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright ;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
Can dext'rously her husband teize,
By taking fits whene'er she please ;

By frequent practice learns the trick
 At proper seasons to be sick;
 Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
 At once creating love and pity;
 If *Molly* happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
 She gets a cold as sure as death,
 And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
 Admires how modest women can
 Be so *robustious*, like a man.

In party, furious to her pow'r;
 A bitter whig, or tory sow'r;
 Her arguments directly tend
 Against the side she would defend;
 Will prove herself a tory plain,
 From principles the whigs maintain;
 And to defend the whiggish cause
 Her topicks from the tories draws.

O yes! * if any man can find
 More virtues in a woman's mind,
 Let them be sent to Mrs. † *Harding*;
 She'll pay the charges to a farthing:
 Take notice, she has my commission
 To add them in the next edition;
 They may out-sell a better thing:
 So, holla boys; God save the king.

* *O yes*: a corruption of *oyez*, hear ye, a word used by
 cryers.

† A printer.

Clever TOM CLINCH going to be
hanged.

Written in the Year 1727.

AS clever *Tom Clinch*, while the rabble
 was bawling,
 Rode stately through *Holbourn* to die in
 his calling,
 He stopt at the *George* for a bottle of sack,
 And promis'd to pay for it when he came
 back.
 His waistcoat and stockings, and breeches
 were white;
 His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie't.
 The maids to the doors and the balconies
 ran,
 And said, lack-a-day! he's a proper young
 man.
 But as from the windows the ladies he spy'd,
 Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on
 each side;
 And when his last speech the loud hawkers
 did cry,
 He swore from his cart, it was all a damn'd
 lye.

The hangman for pardon fell down on his
knee;

Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then said, I must speak to the people a little,
But I'll see you all damn'd before I will
* *whittle*.

My honest friend † *Wild* may he long hold
his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of
grace.

Take courage, dear comrades, and be not
afraid,

Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are
calm,

And thus I go off without pray'r-book or
psalm;

Then follow the practice of clever *Tom*
Clinch,

Who hung like a hero, and never would
flinch.

* A cant word for confessing at the gallows.

† The noted thief-catcher,

under keeper of *Newgate*, who was hanged for receiving stolen goods.

On cutting down the old THORN at
MARKET-HILL. *

Written in the Year 1727.

AT Market-hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many a hundred years
A spacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came ev'ry village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from fatyrs fat and fung.

† Sir *Archibald* that val'rous knight,
Then lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to listen with delight,
For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir *Archibald*, whose fav'rite name
Shall stand for ages on record,
By *scottish* bards of highest fame,
‡ Wife *Hawthornden* and *Sterling's* lord.)

* A village near the seat of Sir *Arthur Acheson*, where the dean sometimes made a long visit.

† Sir *Archibald Acheson*, secretary of state for Scotland.

‡ *Drummond* of *Hawthornden*, and Sir *William Alexander* earl of *Sterling*, who were both friends to Sir *Archibald*, and famous for their poetry.

But

But time with iron teeth I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
Its head reclining tow'rs the ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
Which must alas no longer stand,
Behold the cruel dean in scorn
Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame nature, when she saw the blow,
Astonish'd gave a dreadful shriek;
And mother *Tellus* trembled so,
She scarce recover'd in a week.

The *Silvan* pow'rs with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compassion sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpye, lighting on the stock,
Stood chatt'ring with incessant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock
To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
The ruin of her antient seat;
And fled in haste with all her brood
To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trotted forth the gentle swine,
To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
All as she scrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph, who dwells in ev'ry tree,
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by fate's supreme decree,
Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus when the gentle *Spina* found
The thorn committed to her care,
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
She fled and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
First issuing struck the murd'rer's ears;
And in a shrill revengeful tone
This prophecy he trembling hears.

“ Thou chief contriver of my fall,
“ Relentless dean, to mischief born;
“ My kindred oft' thine hide shall gall,
“ Thy gown and cassock oft be torn.

“ And thy confed'rate dame, who brags
“ That she condemn'd me to the fire,
“ Shall rent her petticoats to rags,
“ And wound her legs with ev'ry bri'r.

“ Nor

“ Nor thou, lord * *Arthur*, shalt escape:
“ To thee I often call’d in vain,
“ Against that assassins in crape;
“ Yet thou could’st tamely see me slain.

“ Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
“ Or chid the dean, or pinch’d thy
“ spouse ;

“ Since you could see me treated so,
“ (An old retainer to your house,)

“ May that fell dean, by whose command
“ Was form’d this *Machiavillian* plot,
“ Not leave a thistle on thy land ;
“ Then who will own thee for a *Scot*?

“ Pigs and fanaticks, cows and teagues
“ Through all thy empire I foresee,
“ To tear thy hedges join in leagues ;
“ Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

“ And thou the wretch ordain’d by fate,
“ *Neal Gagaban, hibernian* clown,
“ With hatchet blunter than thy pate
“ To hack my hallow’d timber down,

* *Sir Arthur Acheson.*

“ When

“ When thou, suspended high in air,
 “ Dy’st on a more ignoble tree,
 “ (For thou shalt steal thy landlord’s mare)
 “ Then bloody *caitif* think on me.

*On the five Ladies at * Sot’s-Hole, with
the Doctor † at their Head.*

N. B. *The Ladies treated the Doctor.*

Sent as from an Officer in the Army.

Written in the Year 1728.

F A I R ladies, number five,
 Who in your merry freaks
 With little *Tom* contrive
 To feast on ale and steaks.

While he sits by a grinning,
 To see you safe in *Sot’s-hole*,
 Set up with greasy linen,
 And neither mugs nor pots whole.

* An alehouse in *Dublin* famous for beef steaks.

† *Dr. Thomas Sheridan.*

Alas!

Alas! I never thought,
A priest would please your palate;
Besides I'll hold a groat,
He'll put you in a ballad;

Where I shall see your faces
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
Than *Venus* like an owl;

And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together
With *Belzebub* in black.

It fills my heart with woe
To think, such ladies fine
Should be reduc'd so low
To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated!
Had you been cunning stagers,
You might your selves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaus,
From pulpits chuse gallants.

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 127

If we who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z——ds, who wou'd be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knoek the doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
I'gad I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch *,
And at the *rose* on *Sunday*,
The parson safe at church,
I'll treat you with *burgundy*.

On burning a Dull P O E M.

Written in the Year 1729.

A N afs's hoof alone can hold
That pois'nous juice, which kills by
cold.

Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an afs's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean the head without the brain.

* He kept a school.

128 ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts
Went down like stupifying draughts:
I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept thro' ev'ry limb.
In haste with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When who could think, tho' cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.

How could I more enhance its fame?
Tho' born in snow, it dy'd in flame.

A
L I B E L
O N

The Reverend Dr. DELANY,

And His Excellency

JOHN Lord CARTERET.

*To Dr. Delany, occasioned by his Epistle to
his Excellency John Lord Carteret.*

Written in the Year 1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the *great*
Chuse for companions *tete à tete*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And, how his *lordship* was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And, how you *laugh'd* at ev'ry joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *cann*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake *preferment's* road.

K

Suppose

Suppose my *lord* and you alone,
 Hint the least int'rest of your own ;
 His visage drops, he knits his brow,
 He cannot talk of bus'ness now :
 Or mention but a vacant *post*,
 He'll turn it off with, *name your toast*.
 Nor could the nicest artist paint
 A countenance with more constraint.

For, as their appetites to quench
 Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench ;
 So men of wit are but a kind
 Of pandars to a vicious mind ;
 Who proper objects must provide
 To gratify their lust of pride,
 When weary'd with intrigues of state,
 They find an idle hour to prate.
 Then should you dare to ask a *place*,
 You forfeit all your *patron's* grace,
 And disappoint the sole design,
 For which he summon'd you to *dine*.

Thus *Congreve* spent in writing plays,
 And one poor office, half his days :
 While *Montague*, * who claim'd the station
 To be *Mecænas* of the nation,

* Earl of *Halifax*.

For poets open table kept,
 But ne'er consider'd where they slept :
 Himself, as rich as fifty *Jews*,
 Was easy, though they wanted shoes;
 And crazy *Congreve* scarce cou'd spare
 A shilling to discharge his chair:
 'Till prudence taught him to appeal
 From *Pæan's* fire to *party* zeal;
 Not owing to his happy vein
 The fortunes of his latter scene,
 Took proper *principles* to thrive;
 And so might ev'ry *dunce* alive.

Thus *Steel*, who own'd what others writ,
 And flourish'd by imputed wit,
 From perils of a hundred jayls
 Withdrew to starve, and die in *Wales*.

Thus *Gay*, the ‡ *Hare* with many friends,
 Twice sev'n long years the *court* attends:
 Who under tales conveying truth,
 To virtue form'd a *princely* § youth:
 Who paid his courtship with the croud
 As far as *modest pride* allow'd;

‡ See his fables.

duke of *Cumberland*, second

§ His royal highness *William* son of *George II*.

Rejects a servile *usher's* place,
And leaves St. *James's* in disgrace*.

Thus *Addison* by lords careft
Was left in foreign lands distrest;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A trav'ling tutor to a *'squire* :
But wisely left the *muses* hill,
To bus'ness shap'd the *poet's* quill,
Let all his barren lawrels fade,
Took up himself the *courtier's* trade,
And grown a *minister of state*,
Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy *Pope*! whose gen'rous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By *sages*, *priests*, or *poets* taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever *grecian* story tells;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose *meanest* talent is his *wit*;

* For some account of this, see *Pope's* works published by Mr. *Warburton*, Vol. II. Letter

XXVI. See also verses to Mr. *Gay* in the subsequent part of this volume.

His heart too great, though fortune little,
 To lick a *rascal statesman's* spittle;
 Appealing to the nation's taste,
 Above the reach of want is plac'd:
 By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
 Which *Homer* never could alive;
 And sits aloft on *Pindus'* head,
 Despising *slaves* that *cringe* for bread.

True *politicians* only pay
 For solid *work*, but not for *play*;
 Nor ever chuse to work with tools
 Forg'd up in *colleges* and *schools*.
 Consider how much more is due
 To all their *journey-men*, than you:
 At table you can *Horace* quote;
 They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
 You shew your skill in *grecian* story;
 But they can manage *whig* and *tory*:
 You, as a *critic*, are so curious
 To find a verse in *Virgil* spurious;
 But they can smoke the deep designs,
 When *Bolingbroke* with *Pult'ney* dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
 That you have got a *place* already;

An office for your talents fit,
 To flatter, carve, and shew your wit;
 To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
 And get a *dinner* for your hire.
 What claim have you to *place* or *pension*?
 He overpays in condescension.

But, rev'rend *doctor*, you we know
 Could never condescend so low;
 The *vice-roy*, whom you now attend,
 Wou'd, if he durst, be more your friend;
 Nor will in *you* those gifts despise,
 By which himself was taught to rise:
 When he has virtue to retire,
 He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
 And place you in a better station,
 Although it might have pleas'd the nation.

This may be true — submitting still
 To *Walpole's* more than royal will;
 And what condition can be worse?
 He comes to *drain* a *beggar's* *purse*;
 He comes to tie our chains on faster,
 And shew us, *England* is our master:
 Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
 To make them work their own undoing.

What

What has he else to bait his traps,
 Or bring his *vermine* in, but *scraps*?
 The offals of a *church* distrest;
 A hungry *vicarage* at best;
 Or some remote inferior *post*
 With forty pounds a year at most.

But here again you interpose;
 Your favourite *lord* is none of those,
 Who owe their virtues to their stations,
 And characters to dedications:
 For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His *learning* none will call in doubt;
 His *learning*, though a *poet* said it
 Before a play, would lose no credit;
 Nor *Pope* would dare deny him wit,
 Although to praise it *Phillips* writ.
 I own he hates an action base,
 His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
 Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
 Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
 Can sometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
 And give up party to his fame.
 I do the most, that *friendship* can;
 I hate the *viceroi*, love the *man*.

But you who, till your fortune's made,
 Must be a *sweet'ner* by your trade,

Shou'd swear he never meant us ill;
 We suffer fore against his will;
 That if we could but see his heart,
 He would have chose a milder part:
 We rather should lament his case,
 Who must obey, or lose his *place*.

Since this reflection slipt your pen,
 Insert it when you write again:
 And, to illustrate it, produce
 This *simile* for his excuse;

“ So to destroy a guilty land
 “ An * *angel* sent by *heav'n's* command,
 “ While he obeys *almighty* will,
 “ Perhaps may feel *compassion* still;
 “ And wish the task had been assign'd
 “ To *spirits* of less gentle kind.

But I, in *politicks* grown old,
 Whose thoughts are of a diff'rent mould,
 Who from my soul sincerely hate
 Both *k——* and *ministers* of *state*,
 Who look on *courts* with stricter eyes
 To see the seeds of *vice* arise,

* So when an angel by divine command.

Can lend you an allusion fitter,
 Though *flatt'ring knaves* may call it *bitter*;
 Which, if you durst but give it place,
 Would shew you many a *statesman's* face:
 Fresh from the *tripod* of *Apollo*
 I had it in the words that follow:
 (Take notice, to avoid offence,
 I here except *his excellence*.)

“ So to effect his *monarch's* ends,
 “ From *hell* a *viceroy* devil ascends;
 “ His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
 “ The contributions of the *damn'd*;
 “ Which with unsparing hand he strows
 “ Through *courts* and *senates* as he goes;
 “ And then at *Belzebub's black hall*,
 “ Complains his *budget* was too small.

Your *simile* may better shine
 In verse; but there is *truth* in mine,
 For no imaginable things
 Can differ more than Gods and k—s:
 And *statesmen* by ten thousand odds
 Are angels just as k—s are gods.

T O

Janus, on NEW-YEAR's-DAY.

Written in the Year 1729.

TWO-faced *Janus*, god of time!
 Be my *Phœbus* while I rhyme;
 To oblige your crony *Swift*,
 Bring our dame a new-year's-gift:
 She has got but half a face;
Janus, since thou hast a brace,
 To my lady once be kind;
 Give her half thy face behind.

God of time, if you be wise,
 Look not with your future eyes:
 What imports thy forward sight?
 Well, if you could lose it quite.
 Can you take delight in viewing
 This poor isle's * approaching ruin,
 When thy retrospection vast
 Sees the glorious ages past?

Happy nation! were we blind,
 Or had only eyes behind.

* *Ireland*.

Drown

Drown your morals, madam crys,
 I'll have none but forward eyes;
 Prudes decay'd about may tack,
 Strain their necks with looking back;
 Give me time, when coming on:
 Who regards him, when he's gone?
 By the dean though gravely told,
 New years help to make me old;
 Yet I find a new year's lace
 Burnishes an old year's face:
 Give me velvet and quadrille,
 I'll have youth and beauty still.

D R A P I E R ' s H I L L . *

Written in the Year 1729.

WE give the world to understand,
 Our thriving dean has purchas'd
 land;
 A purchase, which will bring him clear
 Above his rent four pounds a year;
 Provided, to improve the ground
 He will but add two hundred pound,

* The dean gave this name to a farm called *Drumlack*, which he took of Sir *Arthur Acheson*, whose seat lay between that and *Market-hill*, and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind.

And

And from his endless hoarded store
To build a house five hundred more.
Sir *Arthur* too shall have his will,
And call the mansion *Drapier's* hill :
That when a nation, long enslav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was sav'd ;
When none the DRAPIER's praise shall sing ;
His signs aloft no longer swing ;
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his * handkerchiefs are rotten ;
His famous LETTERS made waste paper ;
This hill may keep the name of DRAPIER :
In spite of envy flourish still,
And DRAPIER's vie with COOPER's hill.

* Medals were cast, many
signs hung up, and handker-
chiefs made with devices, in

honour of the author, under
the name of *M. B. Drapier*.

The Grand Question debated.

W H E T H E R

Hamilton's * Bawn *should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-House.*

Written in the Year 1729.

THUS spoke to my lady the knight ‡ full
of care,

Let me have your advice in a weighty
affair.

This † HAMILTON'S *bawn*, whilst it sticks
on my hand,

I lose by the house what I get by the
land;

But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,

For a § *barrack* or *malt-house*, we now must
confider.

* A *Bawn* was a place near the house, inclosed with mud or stone walls to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night. They are now little used.

† Sir *Arthur Acheson*, at whose seat it was written.

‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir *Arthur Acheson's* seat.

§ The army in *Ireland* is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called *Barracks*.

First,

First, let me suppose I make it a *Malt-*
house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall
t'us ;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and
grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred re-
main ;
A handsome addition for wine and good
cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogheads a
year :
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall
be stor'd ;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board :
And you and the *dean* no more shall com-
bine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine :
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to
purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my fir-
loin.
If I make it a *barrack*, the crown is my
tenant ;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again
on't :

In

In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my
 rent,
 Whatever they give me I must be content,
 Or join with the court in ev'ry debate ;
 And rather than that I would lose my
 estate.

Thus ended the knight : thus began his
meek wife ;
 It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life.
 I'm grown a meer *mopus* ; no company
 comes,
 But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull
 * *Rums*.
 With *parsons* what lady can keep herself
 clean ?
 I'm all over dawb'd when I sit by the *dean*.
 But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
 The *captain*, I'm sure, will always come
 here ;
 I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
 For the *captain*, I warrant, will keep him
 in awe ;
 Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 Will tell him that chaplains should not be
 so pert ;

* A cant word in *Ireland* for a poor country clergyman.

That

That men of his coat should be minding
 their pray'rs,
 And not among ladies to give themselves
 airs.

Thus argu'd my lady, but argu'd in vain;
 The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But † *Hannah*, who listen'd to all that
 was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
 As soon as her ladyship call'd to be drest,
 Cry'd madam, why surely my master's pos-
 selt,
 Sir *Arthur* the malster! how fine it will
 sound!
 I'd rather the *bawn* were sunk underground.
 But madam, I guess'd there wou'd never
 come good,
 When I saw him so often with * *Darby* and
Wood.
 And now my dream's out; for I was a-
 dream'd
 That I saw a huge rat; O dear, how I
 scream'd!

† My lady's waiting-woman.

* Two of Sir *Arthur's* managers.

And

And after, methought, I had lost my new
shoes ;
And *Molly*, she said, I should hear some ill
news.

Dear madam, had you but the spirit to
tease,
You might have a *barrack* whenever you
please :
And madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not
give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
'Till he gave me my will, I wou'd give
him no rest ;
And rather than come in the same pair of
sheets
With such a cross man, I wou'd lie in the
streets :
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, 'till he gives his con-
sent.

Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I
think,
An I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a
wink :

For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
 I can't get it out, tho' I'd never so fain.
 I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
 At HAMILTON's *bawn*, and the troop is arriv'd;
 Of this to be sure Sir *Arthur* has warning,
 And waits on the *captain* betimes the next morning.

Now see when they meet how their
 honours behave;
 Noble *captain* your servant—Sir *Arthur*
 your slave;
 You honour me much—the honour is
 mine,—
 'Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning
 is fine—
 Pray how does my lady?—my wife's at your
 service.—
 I think I have seen her picture by *Fervis*.—
 Good-morrow, good *captain*,—I'll wait on
 you down—
 You sha'n't stir a foot—you'll think me a
 clown—
 For all the world, *captain*, not half an inch
 farther—
 You must be obey'd—your servant, Sir
Arthur; My

My humble respects to my lady unknown.—
I hope you will use my house as your own.

“ Go bring me my smock, and leave off
“ your prate,
“ Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy
“ pate.

Pray madam be quiet; what was it I
said?——

You had like to have put it quite out of
my head.

Next day to be sure the *captain* will
come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and
drum:

Now, madam, observe how he marches in
state:

The man with the kettle-drum enters the
gate:

Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters fol-
low,

Tantara, tantara, while all the boys hol-
low.

See now comes the *captain* all dawb'd with
gold lace:

O law! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;

And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds
in his hand ;

And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances
and rears

With ribbons in knots at its tail and its
ears :

At last comes the troop, by the word of
command,

Drawn up in our court ; when the *captain*
cries, STAND.

Your *ladyship* lifts up the sash to be seen,
(For sure I had *dizen'd* you out like a *queen* ;)

The *captain*, to shew he is proud of the
favour,

Looks up to your window, and cocks up
his beaver.

(His beaver is cock'd ; pray madam, mark
that,

For a *captain* of horse never takes off his
hat ;

Because he has never a hand that is idle ;
For the right holds the sword, and the left
holds the bridle)

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair ;

(How

(How I tremble to think of the blood it
hath spilt !)

Then he low'rs down the point, and kisses
the hilt.

Your *ladyship* smiles, and thus you begin ;
Pray, *captain*, be pleas'd to alight and
walk in :

The *captain* salutes you with congee pro-
found,

And your *ladyship* curtsies half way to the
ground.

Kit, run to your master, and bid him
come to us.

I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you
do us ;

And, *captain*, you'll do us the favour to
stay,

And take a short dinner here with us to-
day :

You're heartily welcome : but as for good
cheer,

You come in the very worst time of the
year :

If I had expected so worthy a guest :——
Lord ! madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest ;

You *banter* me, madam, the kingdom must
grant——

You officers, *captain*, are so complaisant.

“ Hift, huffy, I think I hear some body
coming——

No, madam; 'tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.

To shorten my tale (for I hate a long
story)

The *captain* at dinner appears in his glory;
The *dean* and the * *doctor* have humbled
their pride,

For the *captain's* entreated to sit by your
side;

And, because he's their betters, you carve
for him first;

The *parsons* for envy are ready to burst:
The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the
table;

And *Molly* and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the *captain* in all his fine
clo'es:

* Doctor *Jenny*, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken
man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his
tongue ran ;
" And, madam, says he, if such dinners
" you give,
" You'll never want *parsons* as long as you
" live ;
" I ne'er knew a *parson* without a good nose,
" But the devil's as welcome wherever he
" goes :
" G—d—me, they bid us reform and re-
" pent,
" But, z---s, by their looks they never
" keep lent :
" Mister *curate*, for all your grave looks
" I'm afraid
" You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's
" maid,
" I wish she wou'd lend you her pretty
" white hand
" In mending your cassock, and smoothing
" your band :
" (For the *dean* was so shabby, and look'd
" like a ninny,
" That the *captain* suppos'd he was *curate*
" to *Fenny*.)

- “ Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 “ A hundred to one but it covers a clown ;
 “ Observe how a *parson* comes into a room,
 “ G—d—me, he hobbles as bad as my
 “ groom ;
 “ A *scholar*, when just from his college
 “ broke loose,
 “ Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose ;
 “ Your * *Noveds*, and *Bluturks*, and *Omurs*
 “ and stuff,
 “ By G— they don’t signify this pinch of
 “ snuff.
 “ To give a young gentleman right educa-
 “ tion,
 “ The army’s the only good school in the
 “ nation ;
 “ My school-master call’d me a dunce and
 “ a fool,
 “ But at cuffs I was always the cock of the
 “ school ;
 “ I never could take to my book for the
 “ blood o’ me,
 “ And the puppy confess’d he expected no
 “ good o’ me.

* *Ovids*, *Plutarchs*, *Homers*, See Essay on Modern Education.

“ He caught me one morning coquetting
 “ his wife,
 “ But he maul’d me, I ne’er was so maul’d
 “ in my life :
 “ So I took to the road, and what’s very
 “ odd,
 “ The first man I robb’d was a parson by
 “ G—.

“ Now, madam, you’ll think it a strange
 “ thing to say,
 “ But the fight of a book makes me sick
 “ to this day.

Never since I was born did I hear so much
 wit,
 And, madam, I laugh’d till I thought I shou’d
 split.
 So then you look’d scornful, and snift at
 the dean,
 As who shou’d say, *now, am I * skinny and
 lean?*
 But he durst not so much as once open his
 lips,
 And the *doctor* was plaguily down in the
 hips.

* Nick names for my lady.

Thus

Thus merciless *Hannah* ran on in her
talk,
Till she heard the *dean* call, *will your lady-
ship walk?*
Her *ladyship* answers, *I'm just coming down;*
Then turning to *Hannah* and forcing a
frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was
glad,
Cry'd, huffy, why sure the *wench* is gone
mad:
How cou'd these *chimera's* get into your
brains?—
Come hither, and take this old gown for
your pains.
But the *dean*, if this secret shou'd come to
his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his
jeers:
For your life not a word of the matter, I
charge ye:
Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*.

*An Excellent new BALLAD; or the true
English Dean * to be hanged for a Rape.*

Written in the Year 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of *England*, who love us
so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do
mean,
A blessing upon them! have sent us this year
For the good of our church a true *eng-
lish* dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape,
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to *Dublin* he lighted at
Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's
wife;
Burst into her chamber, and wou'd have
carefs'd her;
But she valu'd her honour much more
than her life.

* Sawbridge, dean of Fernes.

She

She bustled and struggled, and made her
escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

III.

The *dean* he pursu'd to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company stood in defence of the
dame,
They cudgel'd, and cuff him, and kick'd
him down stairs.
His deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To *Dublin* he comes, to the *bagnio* he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a
whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to ex-
pose,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd
before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice
of the grape,
And got a good *clap*, but committed no
rape.

V. The

V.

The dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in de-
light;
For why, they had both been brought up
to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all
night.
His landlord was ready his deanship to ape
In ev'ry debauch, but committing a rape.

VI.

This *protestant* zealot, this *english* divine,
In church and in state was of principles
found;
Was truer than *Steel* to the *hanover* line,
And griev'd that a *tory* should live above
ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the
nape
For no other crime, but committing a rape?

VII. By

VII.

By old *popish* canons, as wise men have
penn'd 'em,

Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiæ*;
Who'd be dean of *Fernes* without a *com-*
mendam?

And precedents we can produce, if it
please ye:

Then why should the dean, when whores
are so cheap,

Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If fortune should please but to take such a
crochet,

(To thee I apply, great *Smedley's* succes-
sor)

To give thee *lawn sleeves*, a *mitre* and *rot-*
chet,

Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave
thee a gueffer;

But I only behold thee in * *Atherton's* shape,
For *my* hang'd, as thou for a rape.

* A bishop of *Waterford*, sent from *England* a hundred
years ago.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave col'nel
Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore
and ten?
To hang him all *England* would lend him
their garters;
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong
tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a
rape.

X.

The dean he was vex'd, that his whores were
so willing:
He long'd for a girl, that would struggle
and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good
shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and sorrows now come in a
heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a
rape.

XI. If

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd it is their own
choice;

Why are they so wilful to struggle with
men?

If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their
voice,

No devil nor dean could ravish 'em then.
Nor would there be need of a strong hemp-
en cape

Ty'd round the dean's neck for commit-
ting a rape.

XII.

Our church and our state dear *England*
maintains,

For which all true protestant hearts should
be glad;

She sends us our bishops and judges and
deans;

And better would give us, if better she
had.

But, lord, how the rabble will stare and will
gape,

When the good *english* dean is hang'd up
for a rape!

*The L A D Y's Dressing-Room. **

Written in the Year 1730.

FIVE hours, (and who can do it less in?)
 By haughty *Cælia* spent in dressing;
 The goddess from her chamber issues,
 Array'd in lace, brocades, and tiffues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
 And *Betty* otherwise employ'd,
 Stole in, and took a strict survey
 Of all the litter as it lay:
 Whereof, to make the matter clear,
 An *inventory* follows here.

And first, a dirty smock appear'd,
 Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd,
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
 And turn'd it round on ev'ry side:

* No charge has been more frequently brought against the dean, or indeed more generally admitted, than that of course indelicacy, of which this poem is always produced as an instance: here then it is but justice to remark, that whenever he offends against delicacy he teaches it; he stimulates the mind to sensibility, to correct the faults of habitual negligence; as physicians to cure

a lethargy have recourse to a blister; and though it may reasonably be supposed, that few *English* ladies leave such a dressing-room as *Celia's*, yet many may have given sufficient cause for reminding them that very soon after desire has been gratified, the utmost delicacy becomes necessary to prevent disgust. See a defence of this poem in Vol. XII.

M

In

In such a case few words are best,
And *Strephon* bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling *Cælia* sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush cou'd force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth with oil upon't
To smoothe the wrinkles on her front:
Here allum-flower to stop the steams
Exhal'd from four unfav'ry streams;
There night-gloves made of *tripsey's* hide,
Bequeath'd by *tripsey* when she died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from *tripsey's* darling whelp.
Here gally-pots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and flops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scowring of her hands;
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty

A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits, and here she spues.

But oh! it turn'd poor *Strephon's* bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd,
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
No object *Strephon's* eye escapes;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes;
Or greasy coifs, or pinnars reeking,
Which *Cælia* slept at least a week in.
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.

The virtues we must not let pass
Of *Cælia's* magnifying glass;
When frighted *Strephon* cast his eye on't,
It shew'd the visage of a giant:
A glass, that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in *Cælia's* nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;

For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

Why, *Strephon*, will you tell the rest;
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner;
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman shew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go through *thick and thin*.
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.

As, from within *Pandora's* box,
When *Epimetheus* op'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew;
He still was comforted to find
That *hope* at last remain'd behind.
So *Strephon* lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But *Strephon*, cautious, never meant

The

The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in search of *hope*.

O! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in *Cælia's* chamber seen!
O! may she better learn to keep
Those *secrets of the hoary deep* *!

As mutton-cutlets, † *prime of meat*,
Which, though with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;
If from ‡ *adown* the hopeful chops,
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Pois'ning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench:
So things which must not be express'd,
When *plumpt* into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round ev'ry room.

Thus finishing his grand survey,
The swain disgusted slunk away;

* *Milton.*

† *Prima virorum.*

‡ Vid. D——n D——'s
Works and N. P——y's.

Repeating in his am'rous fits,
 " Oh! *Cælia*, *Cælia*, *Cælia* sh—.

But *vengeance*, goddesses never sleeping,
 Soon punish'd *Strephon* for his peeping:
 His foul imagination links
 Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
 And, if unfav'ry odours fly,
 Conceives a lady standing by.
 All women his description fits,
 And both ideas jump like wits;
 By vicious fancy coupled fast,
 And still appearing in *contrast*.

I pity wretched *Strephon*, blind
 To all the charms of woman kind.
 Should I the *queen of love* refuse,
 Because she rose from stinking ooze?
 To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky queen.

When *Cælia* all her glory shows,
 If *Strephon* would but stop his nose,
 Who now so impiously blasphemes
 Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and
 creams,
 Her washes, fops, and ev'ry clout,
 With which he makes so foul a rout;

He

REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 167

He soon would learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from *dung*.

*The Power of T I M E. **

Written in the Year 1730.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of *time's* destructive
hand;

If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains
dry:

When my old cassock (said a *welsh* divine)
Is out at elbows; why should I repine?

T H E

REVOLUTION *at* MARKET-HILL.

Written in the Year 1730.

FROM distant regions fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where *Phæbus* pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:

* *Scarron* hath written a larger poem on the same subject.

168 REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.

Hither the frantick goddess draws
 Three suff'ers in a ruin'd cause:
 By faction banish'd here unite,
 * A dean, a † *Spaniard*, and a knight ‡;
 Unite, but on conditions cruel;
 The dean and *Spaniard* find it too well:
 Condemn'd to live in service hard;
 On either side his honour's guard,
 The dean to guard his honour's back,
 Must build a castle at § *Drumlack*;
 The *Spaniard*, fore against his will,
 Must raise a fort at *Market-hill*.
 And thus the pair of humble gentry
 At *north* and *south* are posted centry;
 While in his lordly castle fixt
 The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
 And, what the wretches most resent,
 To be his slaves must pay him rent;
 Attend him daily as their *chief*,
 Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
 Oh, fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
 To smile on those, who are least worthy:
 Weigh but the merits of the three,
 His slaves have ten times more than he.

* The author.

† Col. *Harry Leslie*, who
 serv'd and liv'd long in *Spain*.

‡ Sir *Arthur Acheson*.

§ See the poem called *Dra-*
pier's Hill.

Proud

REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 169

Proud baronet of *Nova Scotia* !
The dean and *Spaniard* must reproach ye :
Of their two fames the world enough rings ;
Where are *thy* services and suff'rings?
What if for nothing once you kist,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
What if among the courtly tribe
You lost a place, and fav'd a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,
And fierce against the whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?

Come, *Spaniard*, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms ;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right :
From *Market-hill's* exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led ;
While I from *Drapier's-mount* descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New-river-walk with friendly shade
Shall keep my host in ambuscade ;
While you, from where the bason stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.

Nor

170 REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.

Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
 I hold intelligence within.
 True, lady *Anne* no danger fears,
 Brave as the *Upton* fan she wears;
 Then left upon our first attack
 Her valiant arm should force us back,
 And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
 I have a stratagem contriv'd.
 By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
 She shall be caught as in a noose;
 So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
 She'll not have pow'r to stir an inch:
 These gaudy shoes must * *Hannah* place
 Direct before her lady's face;
 The shoes put on, our faithful portress
 Admits us in to storm the fortress;
 While tortur'd madam bound remains,
 Like *Montezume* in golden chains,
 Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
 Stumbling at ev'ry step she trod.
 Sly hunters thus, in *Borneo's* isle,
 To catch a monkey by a wile
 The mimick animal amuse;
 They place before him gloves and shoes;
 Which when the brute puts aukward on;
 All his agility is gone:

* My lady's waiting-maid.

REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 171

In vain to frisk or climb he tries ;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.

But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault :
The valiant * *Dennis* you must fix on,
And I'll engage with † *Peggy Dixon* :
Then if we once can seize the key
And chest, that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion :
And soon as we have gain'd possession,
We'll act as other conq'rors do,
Divide the realm between us two :
Then (let me see) we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write ;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like ‡ *Lorimer* to wear his hat ;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. *Leslie* ;
But lest it might not be so proper,
That her own maid should over-top her ;
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches low'r.

* The butler.

‡ The agent.

† The house-keeper.

For *Hannah*, when we have no need of
 her,
 'Twill be our int'rest to get rid of her :
 And when we execute our plot,
 'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
 As all your politicians wise
 Dispatch the rogues, by whom they rise.

T R A U L U S.

A Dialogue between TOM and ROBIN.

The First P A R T.

Written in the Year 1730.

Tom. SAY, *Robin*, what can *Traulus* mean
 By bell'wing thus against the *dean*?
 Why does he call him paltry scribler,
Papist, and *jacobite*, and *lib'ler*?
 Yet cannot prove a single fact?

Robin. Forgive him, *Tom*, his head is
 crackt.

Tom. What mischief can the *dean* have
 done him,
 That *Traulus* calls for vengeance on him?
 Why

Why must he sputter, spawl, and flaver it
In vain against the people's fav'rite?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the dean the name of *Draper*?

Robin. Why, *Tom*, I think the case is plain,
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

Tom. Such friendship never man profess,
The dean was never so carest;
For *Traulus* long his rancour nurs't,
'Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

Robin. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.

Tom. Yet many a wretch in *bedlam* knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout,
He wildly flings his filth about;
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside, like mad *Ulysses*:
While *Traulus* all his ordure scatters,
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.

Whence

Whence come these inconsistent fits?

Robin. Why *Tom*, the man has lost his wits.

Tom. Agreed: and yet when *Towzer* snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps;
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail:
The neighbours all cry, *shoot him dead,*
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head.
So *Traulus* when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.

Robin. *Tom*, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spight of all impediment,
While none believes, that what he said he
 meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:

Begs

*Begs leave to rail, but d——n his blood,
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly tim'd,
He shot before your foes were prim'd,
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean
By G——I'll bring you off as clean——**
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
'Twas all for love, and that's enough.
But though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

Tom. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack,
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own, his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possest,
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill ev'ry pipe, each motion guide;
Directing ev'ry vice we find
In scripture to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him *legion*.

* This is the usual excuse of *Traulus*, when he abuses you to others without provocation.

Of *brethren* he's a *false accuser* ;
A fland'rer, traitor, and seducer ;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar ;
The marks peculiar of his fire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best ;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The *dean* hath felt their stings before ;
And must their malice ne'er give o're ?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose ?
But *Ireland's* friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dang'rous post,
When wanted by his country most ;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant ;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What spirit, since the world began,
Could *always* bear to *strive with man* ?
Which God pronounc'd, he never wou'd,
And soon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet still the *dean* on freedom raves ;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS.

T R A U L U S.

The Second P A R T.

Written in the Year 1730.

TRAULUS of amphibious breed,
 Motly fruit of mungril feed;
 By the *dam* from lordlings sprung,
 By the *fire* exhal'd from dung:
 Think on ev'ry vice in both,
 Look on him and see their growth.

View him on the mother's side,
 Fill'd with falshood, spleen, and pride;
 Positive and over-bearing,
 Changing still, and still adhering;
 Spightful, peevish, rude, untoward,
 Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
 When his friends he most is hard on,
 Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
 Reputation ever tearing,
 Ever dearest friendship swearing;
 Judgment weak, and passion strong,
 Always various, always wrong:
 Provocation never waits,
 Where he loves, or where he hates;

N

Talks

Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unfaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From the *father's* scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they *masons*, were they *butchers*?
Herald, lend the muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandfire:
This was dext'rous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher doom'd for life
In his *mouth* to wear his *knife*:
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd
Borrow'd from the mason's-side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a *babel*;

Cou'd

Cou'd we place him in a station
 To destroy the old *foundation*.
 True indeed, I should be gladder,
 Cou'd he learn to *mount a ladder*.
 May he at his latter end
 Mount alive, and dead descend!

In him tell me which prevail,
 Female vices most, or male?
 What produc'd him can you tell?
 Human race, or *imps of hell*?

To BETTY the Grizette.

Written in the Year 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, *Betty!*
 Never may the muse forget ye:
 How thy face charms ev'ry shepherd,
 Spotted over like a leopard;
 And, thy freckled neck displaid,
 Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,
 Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
 Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,
 Or a tawny speckled pippin
 Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.

And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded :
Stockt with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all christian folks :
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing,
Picking wit among collegians,
In the play-house upper regions ;
Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry,
Irish nymphs learn *irish* raillery :
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd
To be scurrilous and rude ;
When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleece, and gibe, and laugh, and flout :
This among *hibernian* asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent *Chloe* bit
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH

D E A T H *and* D A P H N E.

To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the Year 1730.

D E A T H went upon a solemn day
 At *Pluto's* hall his court to pay:
 The phantom, having humbly kist
 His grisly monarch's footy fist,
 Presented him the weekly bills
 Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto observing since the peace,
 The burial article decrease;
 And vext to see affairs miscarry,
 Declar'd in council, *death* must marry:
 Vow'd he no longer could support
 Old batchelors about his court:
 The int'rest of his realm had need
 That *death* should get a num'rous breed;
 Young *deathblings*, who, by practice made
 Proficient in their father's trade,
 With colonies might stock around
 His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquets below
 Was call'd to rig him out a beau:

From her own head *Megara* takes
A periwig of twisted snakes;
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like * *toupets* of this upper world)
With flow'r of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell,
An adder of the fable kind
In line direct hung down behind.
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Club'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an us'rer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to *Pluto*, corps and all.
But loth his person to expose
Bare, like a carcase pickt by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case.
No new-fluxt rake shew'd fairer skin;
Nor *Phillis* after lying in.
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
With aconite anoint his chops:
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood, and b—d and w—ds.

* The periwigs now in fashion are so called.

Thus furnisht out, he sent his train
To take a house in *Warwick-lane* :
The *faculty*, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends :
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.

But *death* had bus'ness to dispatch ;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of *Daphne's* fame,
His *majesty of terrors* came,
Fine as a col'nel of the guards,
To visit where she sat at cards :
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him *Adonis* in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps ;
She scarce remembers what is trumps ;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen except her own :
Charm'd with his eyes and chin and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slyly out ;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance.
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the *swain*,

Nothing she thought cou'd sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If *Chloe* were a sharper still,
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are *Pluto's* books)
If *Florimel* had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By *Proserpine* at *Pluto's* hall?
She fancied those *elysian* shades
The sweetest place for masquerades:
How pleasant on the banks of *Styx*,
To troll it in a coach and fix!

What pride a female heart enflames!
How endless are ambition's aims!
Cease, haughty nymph; the fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee:
For when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;

He

He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd *Cupid's* lamp :
Away the frightened spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the fuds.

*On STEPHEN DUCK, the Thresher,
and favourite Poet.*

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the Year 1730.

THE thresher *Duck* cou'd ore the *queen*
prevail,
The proverb says, *no fence against a flail.*
From *threshing* corn he turns to *thresh* his
brains ;
For which her *majesty* allows him *grains.*
Though 'tis confest, that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a
straw !
Thrice happy *Duck*, employ'd in threshing
stubble !
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

A
P A N E G Y R I C K
O N T H E

*Dean, in the Person of a Lady in the
North *.*

Written in the Year 1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to show,
Thrice rev'rend dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd ;
Your favours left too long unpay'd ;
But now in all our sexes name
My artless muse shall sing your fame.

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind ;
Nine more such champions as the dean,
Would soon restore our ancient reign.
How well, to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts !
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,
By you so oft, so highly prais'd !

* The lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young.
I hope to quit that awkward shame
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To shew my face with scornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.

Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly deigns to chuse
Me for the subject of his muse.
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.

My heart with emulation burns
To make you suitable returns:
My gratitude the world shall know:
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
A panegyrick on dean *Swift*
And then, to mend the matter still,
By lady *Anne* of *Market-hill*.

I thus begin : my grateful muse
Salutes the dean in different views ;

Dean,

Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor ;

* *Robert* and *Darby's* coadjutor :

And as you in commission fit,
To rule the dairy next to † *Kit*.

In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as dean :
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur :
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give dean *Daniel* place.
In you such dignity appears ;
So suited to your state and years !
With ladies what a strict decorum !
With what devotion you adore 'um !
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance !
By your example and assistance,
The *fellows* learn to know their distance.
Sir *Arthur*, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me *snipe* and *flattern* ;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.

Proceed we to your ‡ preaching next ;
How nice you split the hardest text !

* The names of two over-
seers.

† My lady's footman.

‡ The author preached but
once while he was there.

How your superior learning shines
Above our neighb'ring dull divines!
At *Beggar's Opera* not so full pit
Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.

Consider now your conversation :
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er was known, by passion stir'd,
To give the least offensive word :
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch ev'ry syllable you speak :
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then, a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become *St. Patrick's* dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cow-boys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighb'ring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address, and graceful port,
As clearly shews you bred at court!

Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene;

When

When to the vault you walk in state,
 In quality of * *butler's* mate;
 You, next to † *Dennis* bear the sway:
 To you we often trust the key:
 Nor can he judge with all his art
 So well, what bottle holds a quart:
 What pints may best for bottles pass,
 Just to give ev'ry man his glass:
 When proper to produce the best;
 And what may serve a common guest.
 With *Dennis* you did ne'er combine,
 Not you, to steal your master's wine;
 Except a bottle now and then,
 To welcome *brother* serving-men;
 But that is with a good design,
 To drink Sir *Arthur's* health and mine;
 Your master's honour to maintain;
 And get the like returns again.

Your ‡ usher's post must next be handled:
 How blest'd am I by such a man led!
 Under whose wise and careful guardship
 I now despise fatigue and hardship:
 Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
 Though daggled round, I scorn to fret:

* He sometimes used to direct the butler.

† The butler.

‡ He sometimes used to walk with the lady.

From you my chamber-damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.

Now as a jester I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare.
By long experience grown so wise,
Of ev'ry taste to know the size,
There's none so ignorant or weak
† To take offence at what you speak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with *Dermot*, or *his grace*;
With *teague o' Murphy*, or an earl,
A duchess or a kitchen girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their sev'ral talents with your wit,
That *Moll* the chamber-maid can smoke,
And *Gagaban* ‡ take ev'ry joke.

I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my § tutor.
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed ev'ry morn,

† The neighbouring ladies see the poem.
were no great understanders of
raillery.

‡ The clown that cut down
the old thorn at *Market-Hill*,

§ In bad weather the author
used to direct my lady in her
reading.

Already

Already have improv'd so well,
 That I have almost learnt to spell:
 The neighbours, who come here to dine,
 Admire to hear me speak so *fine*.
 How enviously the ladies look,
 When they surprize me at my book!
 And, sure as they're alive at night
 As soon as gone will show their spight:
 Good lord! what can my lady mean,
 Conversing with that rusty dean!
 She's grown so nice, and so * *penurious*,
 With *Socrates* and *Epicurius*.
 How could she sit the live-long day,
 Yet never ask us once to play?

But I admire your patience most;
 That when I'm duller than a post,
 Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
 You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
 Are so indulgent, and so mild,
 As if I were a darling child.
 So gentle is your whole proceeding,
 That I could spend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily:
 Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily.

* Ignorant ladies often mistake the word *penurious* for *nice* and *dainty*.

And to a genius so extensive
 No work is grievous or offensive ;
 Whether your fruitful fancy lies
 To make for pigs convenient styes ;
 Or ponder long with anxious thought
 To banish rats, that haunt our vault :
 Nor have you grumbled, rev'rend dean,
 To keep our poultry sweet and clean ;
 To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in ;
 And cure the rank unfav'ry smelling.

Now enter as the dairy hand-maid :
 Such charming * butter never man made.
 Let others with fanatick face
 Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace* ;
 From *tubs* their snuffling nonsense utter :
 Thy *milk* shall make us *tubs* of butter.
 The bishop with his *foot* may burn it †,
 But with his *hand* the dean can churn it. †
 How are the servants overjoy'd
 To see thy deanship thus employ'd !

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream and shaking it till the butter comes.

† It is a common saying, when the milk burns to, that the devil or the bishop has set

his foot in it, the devil having been called bishop of hell ; see a satyr on the *irish* bishops near the end of this volume, said to have been first printed in *Fog's Journal*.

Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you tofs and shake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part;
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

Your rev'rence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will tofs and turn your brain till noon;
Which in its jumbings round the skull
Dilates, and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst:
But squeezing out four lines in rhyme
Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have rais'd your gen'rous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnifick size
Attract the curious trav'ler's eyes,

That

That might be envy'd by the *Greeks* ;
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks :
Here gentle goddess *Cloacine*
Receives all off'rings at her shrine.
In sep'rate cells the he's and she's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees* :
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle,
And e'ery nymph must enter single,
And when she feels an *inward motion*,
Come fill'd with *rev'rence* and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush ;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
As who should say, to *pluck a rose*.

Ye, who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the dean ;
But duly, e'er you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation
Or of his own, or * *Smedley's* lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay :
And, O ! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb.

Yet when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.

* See the character hereafter.

Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddess *Cloacine*,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breath;
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?

When *Saturn* rul'd the skies alone,
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown)
This earthly globe to thee assign'd
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars *smoking* round
Were built to thee, with off'rings crown'd:
And here thy daily vot'ries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam.
(Though sometimes thou wert pleas'd to
wink,
If *Naiads* swept them from the brink)
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flow'ry vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale.
There many a flow'r absterfise grew,
Thy fav'rite flow'rs of yellow hue;

The

The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.

But when at last usurping *Jove*
Old *Saturn* from his empire drove ;
Then *gluttony* with greasy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watry chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin ;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priest in wooden shoes
From haughty *Gaul* to make ragoos ;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees ;
And, for our home-bred *british* cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy sprung from hell
Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell :
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling *sloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap :
Pale *dropsy* with a fallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace :

And lordly *gout* wrapt up in furr :
 And wheezing *asthma*, loth to stir.
 Voluptuous *ease*, the child of *wealth*,
 Infecting thus our hearts by stealth ;
 None seek thee now in open air,
 To thee no verdant altars rear ;
 But in their cells and vaults obscene
 Present a sacrifice unclean ;
 From whence unsav'ry vapours rose,
 Offensive to thy nicer nose.
 Ah ! who in our degen'rate days,
 As nature prompts, his off'ring pays ?
 Here nature never diff'rence made
 Between the sceptre and the spade.

Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
 To pay your tribute on the plain ?
 Why will you place in lazy pride
 Your altars near your couches side ?
 * When from the homeliest earthen ware
 Are sent up off'rings more sincere,
 Than where the haughty duchess locks
 Her silver vase in cedar-box.

Yet some devotion still remains
 Among our harmless northern swains †,

* Vide *Virgil* and *Lucretius*.

† The north of *Ireland*.

Whose

Whose off'rings plac'd in golden ranks,
 Adorn our crystal river's banks;
 Nor seldom grace the flow'ry downs,
 With spiral tops and cottle-crowns;
 Or gilding in a sunny morn
 The humble branches of a thorn.
 So, poets sing, with ‡ golden bough
 The *Trojan* hero paid his vow.

Hither by luckless error led,
 The crude consistence oft I tread;
 Here when my shoes are out of case,
 Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
 Here by the sacred bramble ting'd,
 My petticoat is doubly fring'd.

Be witnesses for me, nymph divine,
 I never robb'd thee with design:
 Nor will the zealous *Hannah* * pout
 To wash thy injur'd off'rings out.

But stop, ambitious muse, in time,
 Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
 In vain on lofty heels I tread,
 Aspiring to exalt my head;
 With hoop expanded wide and light
 In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

‡ *Virg.* lib. 6.

* My lady's woman.

Me * *Phœbus* in a † midnight dream
 Accosting said, ‡ go *shake your cream*.
 Be humbly minded, know your post;
 Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
 Thee best befits a lowly style:
 Teach *Dennis* how to stir the § *guile*:
 With || *Peggy Dixon* thoughtful fit,
 Contriving for the pot and spit.
 Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
 And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
 At nicely carving shew thy wit;
 But ne'er presume to eat a bit:
 Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye;
 And ev'ry guest be sure to ply:
 Let never at your board be known
 An empty plate except your own.
 ‡† Be these thy arts; nor higher aim
 Than what befits a rural dame.

But *Cloacina*, goddess bright,
 Sleek——claims her as his right:
 And *† *Smedley*, flow'r of all divines,
 Shall sing the dean in *Smedley's* lines.

* *Cynthia aurem vellit*. Hor. keeper.

† *Cum somnia vera*. Idem.

‡ In the bottle to make
 butter.

§ *Guile*, the quantity of ale
 or beer brewed at one time.

|| Mrs. *Dixon* the house-

‡† *Hæ tibi erunt artes*. Virg.

*† A very stupid, insolent,
 factious, deformed, conceited
 parson, a vile pretender to
 poetry, preferred by the duke
 of *Grafton* for his wit.

The

The Place of the DAMN'D.

Written in the Year 1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to *religion* and
grace,
 Allow there's a HELL, but dispute of the
 place:

But if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
 The *place of the damn'd*——I'll tell you
 my mind.

Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
 Most certainly there is HELL to be found:
 Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *criticks*, damn'd *block-*
heads, damn'd *knaves*,
 Damn'd *senators* brib'd, damn'd prostitute
slaves;

Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords*
 and damn'd *squires*;

Damn'd *spies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends*
 and damn'd *lyars*;

Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *station*;
 Damn'd *time-serving priests* all over the
nation.

And into the bargain I'll readily give you
 Damn'd ignorant *prelates*, and *counsellors*
privy.

Then

202 A NYMPH GOING TO BED.

Then let us no longer by *parsons* be flamm'd,
For we know by these *marks* the place of
the damn'd :

And HELL to be sure is at *Paris* or *Rome*.
How happy for *us*, that it is not at *home* !

*A beautiful young Nymph going to
Bed. **

Written for the Honour of the Fair Sex, in 1731.

CORINNA, pride of *Drury-lane*,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain,
Never did *Covent-garden* boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast !
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar, where on tick to sup ;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bow'r ;
Then seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now, picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.

* This poem, for which the young from the risk of
some have thought no apology health and life by picking up a
could be offered, deserves on prostitute, than the finest de-
the contrary great commendation, as it much more forcibly clamation on the fordidness of
restrains the thoughtless and the appetite.

Her

Her eye-brows from a mouse's hide
 Stuck on with art on either side,
 Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
 Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.
 Now dex'trouslly her plumpers draws,
 That serve to fill her hollow jaws.
 Untwists a wire, and from her gums
 A set of teeth completely comes.
 Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
 Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
 Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
 Unlaces next her steel-rib'd bodice,
 Which by the operator's skill
 Prefs down the lumps the hollows fill.
 Up goes her hand, and off she slips
 The bolsters, that supply her hips.
 With gentlest touch she next explores
 Her shancres, issues, running sores;
 Effects of many a sad disaster,
 And then to each applies a plaster:
 But must, before she goes to bed,
 Rub off the daubs of white and red,
 And smooth the furrows in her front
 With greasy paper stuck upon't.
 She takes a *bolus* e'er she sleeps;
 And then between two blankets creeps.

With

With pains of love tormented lies ;
 Or if she chance to close her eyes,
 Of *Bridewell* and the *Compter* dreams,
 And feels the lash, and faintly screams ;
 Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
 At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn ;
 Or, to *Jamaica* seems transported
 * Alone, and by no planter courted ;
 Or, near *Fleet-ditch's* oozy brinks,
 Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
 Be-lated, seems on watch to lie,
 And snap some cully passing by ;
 Or, struck with fear her fancy runs
 On watchmen, constables, and duns,
 From whom she meets with frequent rubs ;
 But never from religious clubs ;
 Whose favour she is sure to find,
 Because she pays them all in kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful fight !
 Behold the ruins of the night !
 A wicked rat her plaster stole,
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
 The crystal eye, alas ! was mist ;
 And pufs had on her plumpers p—ft.

* ——— *Et longam incommitata videtur*
Ire viam ——— ——— ——— *Virg.*

A pigeon pickt her issue peas :
And *Shock* her tresses fill'd with fleas.

The nymph, though in this mangled
plight,
Must ev'ry morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To recollect the scatter'd parts?
Or shew the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gath'ring up herself again?
The bashful muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna in the morning dizen'd,
Who sees will spew; who smells be poison'd.

* S T R E P H O N *and* C H L O E.

Written in the Year 1731.

OF *Chloe* all the town has rung,
By ev'ry fize of poets sung:

* This poem has among others been censured for indelicacy, but with no better reason than a medicine would be rejected for its ill taste. By attending to the marriage of *Strephon* and *Chloe*, the reader is necessarily led to consider the effect of that gross familiarity in which it is to be feared many married persons think they have a right to indulge themselves: he who is disgusted at the picture feels the force of the precept, not to disgust another by his practice; and let it never be forgotten, that nothing quenches desire like indelicacy, and that when desire has been thus quenched, kindness will inevitably grow cold.

So

So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years ;
By nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
Confeſt her of no mortal race :
And then ſo nice, and ſo genteel ;
Such cleanlineſs from head to heel :
No humours groſs, or frowzy ſteams,
No noiſome whiffs, or ſweaty ſtreams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs body flow :
Would ſo diſcreetly things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a roſe.
Her deareſt comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water.
You'd ſwear, that ſo divine a creature
Felt no neceſſities of nature.
In ſummer, had ſhe walk'd the town,
Her arm-pits would not ſtain her gown :
At country-dances not a noſe
Could in the dog-days ſmell her toes.
Her milk-white hand, both palms and backs,
Like iv'ry dry, and ſoft as wax.
Her hands, the ſoſteſt ever felt,
* Though cold would burn, though dry
would melt.

* Though deep, yet clear, *etc.* DENHAM.

Dear *Venus*, hide this wond'rous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
While she engrosses ev'ry swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and
darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What sword-knots! what poetick strains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!

But *Strephon* sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along:
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and fix, and house in town.
The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.

Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood *Hymen* with a flaming torch:
The smiling *Cyprian* goddess brings
Her infant loves with purple wings;
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.

The

For as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found :
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet
Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet ;
(With other parts that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.)
The weather and his love were hot ;
And should he struggle, I know what —
Why let it go, if I must tell it —
He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell
it.

While she, a goddess dy'd in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain ;
And *Venus*-like her fragrant skin
Exhal'd *ambrosia* from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure ?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard, and hairy breast !
His night-cap border'd round with lace
Could give no softness to his face.

Yet if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find !
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men :

To visit and to court them too :
 A certain goddess, God knows who,
 (As in a book he heard it read)
 Took col'nel *Peleus* to her bed.
 But what if he should lose his life
 By vent'ring on his heav'nly wife?
 For *Strepbon* could remember well,
 That once he heard a school-boy tell,
 How *Semele* of mortal race
 By thunder died in *Jove's* embrace :
 And what if daring *Strepbon* dies
 By lightning shot from *Chloe's* eyes?

While these reflections fill'd his head,
 The bride was put in form to bed :
 He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
 But awfully his distance kept.

Now ponder well ye parents dear ;
 Forbid your daughters guzzling beer ;
 And make them ev'ry afternoon
 Forbear their tea, or drink it soon :
 That e'er to bed they venture up,
 They may discharge it ev'ry sup :
 If not, they must in evil plight
 Be often forc'd to rise at night.
 Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
 Nor let them taste what causes wind ;

('Tis

('Tis this * the sage of *Samos* means,
 Forbidding his disciples beans.)
 O! think what evils must ensue;
 Miss *Moll* the jade will burn it blue:
 And when she once has got the art,
 She cannot help it for her heart;
 But out it flies, ev'n when she meets
 Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.

+ *Carminative* and ‡ *diuretick*
 Will damp all passion sympathetick:
 And love such nicety requires,
 One *blast* will put out all his fires.
 Since husbands get behind the scene,
 The wife should study to be clean;
 Nor give the smallest room to guests
 The time when wants of nature press;
 But after marriage practise more
 Decorum than she did before;
 To keep her spouse deluded still,
 And make him fancy what she will.

In bed we left the married pair:
 'Tis time to shew how things went there.

* A well known precept of *Pythagoras*, not to eat beans; which has been variously interpreted, and is supposed to contain some allegorical meaning.
 † Medicines to break wind.
 ‡ Medicines to provoke urine.

Strephon, who had been often told
 That fortune still assists the bold,
 Resolv'd to make the first attack ;
 But *Chloe* drove him fiercely back.
 How could a nymph so chaste as *Chloe*,
 With constitution cold and snowy,
 Permit a brutish man to touch her ?
 Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
 Resistance on the wedding-night
 Is what our maidens claim by right :
 And *Chloe* 'tis by all agreed,
 Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
 Yet some assign a diff'rent reason ;
 That *Strephon* chose no proper season.

Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
 Or freely tell the secret cause ?

Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
 Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
 This point must needs be settled first :
 The bride must either void or burst.
 Then see the dire effect of pease,
 Think what can give the colic ease.
 The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
 As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
 Steals out her hand, by nature led,
 And brings a vessel into bed :

Fair

Fair utenfil, as smooth and white
As *Chloe's* skin, almost as bright.

Strephon who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distill,
Cried out, ye Gods! what sound is this?
Can *Chloe*, heav'nly *Chloe*, ——?
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft attends that luke-warm stream;
(*Salerno* § both together joins
As sov'reign med'cines for the loins)
And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose:
He found her while the scent increas'd
As *mortal* as himself at least.
But soon with like occasions prest,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side:
And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouzer in her face.

The little *cupids* hov'ring round,
(As pictures prove) with garlands crown'd,

§ *Vide Schol. Salern.* Rules of health, written by the school
of *Salernum*.

Mingere cum bumbis res est saluberrima lumbis.

Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures and romantick flights;
To goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bow'rs,
Drest up with *amaranthin* flow'rs.

How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed;
Can see each other *do their need*.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for *dearest life*;
And by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now *Strephon* daily entertains
His *Chloe* in the homeli'st strains;
And *Chloe* more experienc'd grown,
With int'rest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less ashamed,
How'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she, to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.

Fair *decency*, celestial maid,
Descend from heav'n to beauty's aid ;
Though beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire ;
For beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by opinion:
If decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls, and beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birth-day gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But e'er you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after ;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O *Strephon*, e'er that fatal day
When *Chloe* stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spied
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case ;
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lickt her leavings,

Than from experience find too late
 Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
 Your fancy then had always dwelt
 On what you saw, and what you smelt;
 Would still the same ideas give ye,
 As when you spy'd her on the privy.
 And, 'spight of *Chloe's* charms divine,
 Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,
 Direct that women must be decent;
 And, from the spouse each blemish hide
 More than from all the world beside*.

Unjustly all our nymphs complain
 Their empire holds so short a reign;
 Is after marriage lost so soon,
 It hardly holds the honey-moon:
 For if they keep not what they caught,
 It is entirely their own fault.
 They take possession of the crown,
 And then throw all their weapons down:

* If virtue, as some writers pretend, be that which produces happiness, it must be granted; that to practise decency is a moral obligation; and if virtue consists in obedience to a law, as the nuptial laws enjoin both parties to avoid offence, decency will still be duty, and the breach of it will incur some degree of guilt.

Though

Though by the politicians scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at pow'r supreme,
Those arts by which at first they gain it
They still must practise to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true.

Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour:
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural defect:
Some shew they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a tell-tale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool:
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;

Shews

Shews *Sheba's* queen completely drest,
 And *Solomon* in royal vest;
 But view them litter'd on the floor,
 Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
 With *Lorrain's* duke, and prince of *Greece**.

A prudent builder should forecast
 How long the stuff is like to last;
 And carefully observe the ground
 To build on some foundation sound:
 What house, when its materials crumble,
 Must not inevitably tumble?
 What edifice can long endure
 Rais'd on a basis unsecure?
 Rash mortals, e'er you take a wife,
 Contrive your pile to last for life:
 Since beauty scarce endures a day,
 And youth so swiftly glides away;
 Why will you make yourself a bubble,
 To build on sand with hay and stubble?

On sense and wit your passion found,
 By decency cemented round;

* For the same reason many an handsome wife is neglected for an homely mistress, who better knows her interest, and considers love as her trade.

Let prudence with good nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

A P O L L O :

O R

A P R O B L E M solved.

Written in the Year 1731.

A P O L L O, God of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chemists by their books:
As handsome as my lady's page;
Sweet five and twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays:
Not all the court of heav'n could shew
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a year rents,

E'er

E'er drove, before he fold his land,
 So fine a coach along the *Strand*;
 The spokes, we are by *Ovid* told,
 Were silver, and the axle gold.
 (I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
 For *Jupiter* allows no more.)

Yet with his beauty, wealth and parts,
 Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
 No vulgar deity above
 Was so unfortunate in love.

Three weighty causes were assign'd,
 That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
 Nine muses always waiting round him,
 He left them virgins as he found 'em.
 His fingering was another fault;
 For he could reach to *B* in *alt* :
 And by the sentiments of *Pliny*,
 Such fingers are like *Nicolini* *.
 At last the point was fully clear'd ;
 In short, *Apollo* had no beard.

* An *Italian*.

CASSINUS *and* PETER.

A Tragical ELEGY.

Written in the Year 1731.

TWO college fophs of *Cambridge*
 growth,
 Both special wits, and lovers both,
 Conferring as they us'd to meet
 On love, and books, in rapture sweet;
 (Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other *Peter*)
 Friend *Peter* to *Cassinus* goes,
 To chat awhile and warm his nose:
 But such a fight was never seen,
 The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
 He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
 One greasy stocking round his head,
 The other he sat down to darn
 With threads of diff'rent colour'd yarn;
 His breeches torn exposing wide
 A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
 Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
 But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
 A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown;
 A rug; for night-gown he had none.

His

His jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs to spew or spit in,
His ancient pipe in fable dy'd,
And half unsmoak'd lay by his side.

Him thus accoutred *Peter* found,
With eyes in smoak and weeping drown'd:
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers plac'd to drink it hot.

Why *Cassy*, thou wilt doze thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their mattins chant in ev'ry bush:
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heav'n send thou hast not got the hysps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?

Then gave him some familiar thumps;
A college joke to cure the dumps.

The swain at last with grief oppress'd
Cry'd, *Cælia*! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.

Dear *Cassy*, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must. Is *Cælia* dead?

How

How happy I, were that the worst?
But I was fated to be curst.

Come, tell us, has she plaid the whore?

Oh *Peter*, would it were no more !

Why, plague confound her sandy locks :
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.

O *Peter* ! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish :
But *Cælia* has contriv'd to blast
Those beauties, that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd.
Conceive the most invenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.

Why hang her ; though she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.

Friend *Peter*, this I could excuse ;
For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuse ;

Nor

Nor have I reason to complain,
 She loves a more deserving swain.
 But oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
 A crime, that shocks all human kind;
 A deed unknown to female race,
 At which the sun should hide his face;
 Advice in vain you would apply——
 Then leave me to despair and die.
 Ye kind *Arcadians*, on my urn
 These elegies and sonnets burn;
 And on the marble grave these rhimes,
 A monument to after times:
 “ Here *Cassy* lies, by *Cælia* slain,
 “ And dying never told his pain.

Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
 The loud *Cerberian* triple bark.
 And there——behold *Alecto* stand,
 A whip of scorpions in her hand.
 Lo, *Charon* from his leaky wherry
 Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
 I come, I come, ——*Medusa*! see,
 Her serpents hiss direct at me.
 Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
 * Avaunt——ye cannot say 'tis I.

* See *Macbeth*.

Dear *Cassy*, thou must purge and bleed ;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws
I here conjure thee, tell the cause ;
And *Cælia's* horrid fact relate :
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

To force it out my heart must rend :
Yet when conjur'd by such a friend——
Think, *Peter*, how my soul is rackt !
These eyes, these eyes beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, since out it must ;
But when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart ;
(How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown !)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds ;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where *Echo* sits, and list'ning mocks ;
Nor let the zephyrs' treach'rous gale
Through *Cambridge* waft the direful tale ;
Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race
Discover *Cælia's* foul disgrace.
But if you fail, my spectre dread
Attending nightly round your bed :

Q

And

And yet I dare confide in you ;
So take my secret, and adieu.

Nor wonder how I lost my wits :
Oh! *Cælia, Cælia, Cælia* sh——*

J U D A S.

Written in the Year 1731.

BY the just vengeance of incensed skies
Poor bishop *Judas* late repenting dies.
The *Jews* engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe ;
Which though his conscience forc'd him to
 restore,
(And parsons tell us, no man can do more)
Yet through despair, of God and man ac-
 curst,
He lost his bishoprick, and hang'd or burst.
Those former ages differ'd much from this ;
Judas betray'd his master with a kiss :
But some have kiss'd the gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury's the least of all their
 crimes :

* See the lady's dressing-room.

Some who can perjure through a two inch
board,
Yet keep their bishopricks, and 'scape the
cord.
Like *hemp*, which by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for
lawn.

As ancient *Judas by transgression fell*,
And *burst asunder* e'er he went to hell;
So could we see a set of new *Isariots*
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred
chariots;
Each modern *Judas* perish like the first;
Drop from the tree with all his bowels
burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty
face,
To cry; *Lo Judas gone to his own place:*
His habitation let all men forsake,
And let his bishoprick another take?

*On Mr. PULTENEY's being put out
of the Council.*

Written in the Year 1731.

SIR *Robert* * weary'd by *Will Pulteney's*
teazings,
Who interrupted him in all his leafings,
Resolv'd that *Will* and he should meet no
more :
Full in his face *Bob* shuts the council door ;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb wench.
Yet still *St. Stephen's* chapel open lies
For *Will* to enter—what shall I advise ?
E'en quit the HOUSE, for thou too long
hast sat in't,
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent ;
There, near thy master's throne in shelter
plac'd,
Let *Will* unheard by thee his thunder waste.
Yet still I fear your work is done but half :
For while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.

Hear an old fable, and a dull one too ;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.

* Sir *Robert Walpole* then prime minister.

A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds
By often shifting into distant grounds;
Till finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of *dog-fish* had him in the wind.
He scours away; and to avoid the foe
Descends for shelter to the shades below,
There *Cerberus* lay watching in his den;
(He had not seen a hare the lord knows
when)

Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled.
Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he
flies

(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distress'd!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest:
Syrius, the swiftest of the heav'nly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear;
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare pursu'd, though free
from guilt;
Thus *Bob* shalt thou be mawl'd, fly where
thou wilt:

Then honest *Robin*, of thy corps beware ;
 Thou art not half so nimble as a hare :
 Too pond'rous is thy bulk to mount the
 sky ;
 Nor can you go to *hell*, before you die.
 So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *scent* so
 strong,
 Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot save thee
 long *

The author having been told by an intimate friend, that the duke of Queensbury had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his grace's receivers and stewards (which however proved afterwards to be a mistake) writ to Mr. Gay the following poem,

In the Year 1731.

HOW could you, *Gay*, disgrace the
 muses train,
 To serve a tasteless court twelve years in
 vain † !

* This hunting ended in the promotion both of *Will* and *Bob*. *Bob* was no longer first minister, but earl of *Orford*,

and *Will* was no longer his opponent, but earl of *Bath*.

† See the Libel on Doctor *Delany* and Lord *Carteret*.

Fain would I think our *female friend* † sincere,

Till *Bob*, the poet's foe, possess her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?

Say, had the court no better place to
chuse

For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy
muse?

How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To ‡ 'squire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading-strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side!

But princely *Douglas* § and his glorious
dame

Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy
fame.

Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treasure you pre-
side:

The world shall own his choice was wise
and just,

For sons of *Phæbus* never break their trust.

† Mrs. *Howard*, since coun-
tess of *Suffolk*.

this subject, in Mr. *Pope's*
Works, Vol. II. Let. 26.

‡ See Mr. *Gay's* Letter on

§ The duke of *Queensbury*.

Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
 Of Guardian eunuchs to the *Sultan's* dames ;
 Their passions not more impotent and cold,
 Than those of poets to the *lust* of gold.
 With *Pæan's* purest fire his fav'rites glow,
 The dregs will serve to ripen ore below ;
 His meanest work : for had he thought it
 fit,

That wealth should be the appennage of wit,
 The God of *light* could ne'er have been so
 blind

To deal it to the worst of human-kind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,
 Your conduct in this new employ foretel.

And first : to make my observation right,
 I place a *statesman* full before my sight,
 A bloated *minister* in all his geer,
 With shameless visage, and perfidious leer ;
 Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw :
 And, ostrich-like, his all-digesting maw.
 My fancy drags this *monster* to my view
 To shew the world his chief reverse in you.
 Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
 Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams
 of mud ;

With

With these the court and senate-house he
plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me shew how *B*— and you
agree,
You serve a * *potent prince*, as well as he.
The *ducal* coffers, trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill; perhaps enlarge.
His vassals easy, and the owner blest,
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
Not so a nation's revenues are paid:
The servant's faults are on the master laid.
The people with a sigh their taxes bring;
And cursing *B*— forget to bless the king.

Next hearken, GAY, to what thy charge
requires
With *servants, tenants*, and the neighb'r-
ing *squires*.
Let all domesticks feel your gentle sway:
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your *KINDRED half the palace*
crowd.

* A title given to dukes by the heralds.

Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong
By *telling noses with a party strong.*

Be rich ; but of your wealth make no
parade ;

At least, *before your master's debts are paid.*
Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own expence.

Each farmer in the neighbourhood can
count,

To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.

With int'rest, and a *premium* paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be sup-
ply'd ;

With hasty zeal behold the steward come
By his own credit to advance the sum ;
Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his
friend,

May well conclude his pow'r will never end.
A faithful treas'rer ! what could he do
more ?

He lends my lord, what was my lord's before.

The law so strictly guards the monarch's
Health,

That no physician dares prescribe by stealth :
The

The council fit; approve the doctor's skill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.
But the *state emp'ric* acts a safer part;
And while he *poysons*, *wins* the royal heart.

But how can I describe the rav'nous
breed?

Then let me now by negatives proceed.

Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty bus'ness to some neighb'ring
friend:

Presume not, *Gay*, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.

Should some *imperious neighbour* sink the
boats,
And drain the *fish-ponds*, while your *master*
doats;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench?

Nor from your lord his bad condition
hide
To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride.
Nor at an under rate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him; *all is well*.

Or

Or *swear it rotten**; and with *humble airs*
Request it of him to compleat your stairs.
 Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
 Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.

Have *Peter Waters* always in your mind;
 That rogue of *genuine ministerial* kind
 Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch;
 Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel
 rich:

And when he gravely has undone a score,
 Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more†.

A dext'rous steward, when his tricks are
 found,
Hush-money sends to all the neighbours
 round;
 His master, unsuspecting of his pranks,
 Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.
 And should a friend attempt to set him
 right,
 His lordship would impute it all to spight:
 Would love his fav'rite better than before,
 And trust his honesty just so much more.

* These lines are thought to allude to some story concerning a great quantity of mahogany declared rotten, and then applied by *somebody* to wainscots, stairs, door-cases, etc.

† He had practised this trade for many years with success.

Thus

Thus families like realms with equal fate
Are funk by *premier ministers of state*.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly
on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the
son.

A knave, who deep embroils his lord's af-
fairs,

Will soon grow *necessary* to his heirs.

His policy consists in *setting traps*,

In finding *ways and means*, and *stopping*
gaps :

He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he
please,

Though not to cure, yet palliate each dis-
ease.

In either case an equal chance is run ;

For keep, or turn him out, my lord's un-
done.

You want a hand to clear a filthy sink ;

No cleanly workman can endure the stink.

A strong dilemma in a desp'rate case !

To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can
hit,

With driving wrong will make the pannel
split : Nor

Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should
break.

In ev'ry court the parallel will hold ;
And kings, like private folks, are bought
and fold.

The ruling rogue who dreads to be cashier'd
Contrives, as he is *bated*, to be *fear'd* :
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs ;
For *vengeance* more *embroils*, than *skill* re-
pairs.

So robbers (and their ends are just the same)
To 'scape enquiries *leave the house in flame*.

I knew a *brazen* minister of state,
Who bore for twice ten years the publick
hate.

In ev'ry mouth the question most in vogue
Was, *when will they turn out this odious*
rogue ?

A juncture happen'd in his highest pride :
While *he* went robbing on, *old master* died.
We thought there now remain'd no room
to doubt ;

His work is done, the minister must out.

The court *invited* more than one, or two ;
Will you, Sir *Spencer* ? or, will *you*, or *you* ?

But

But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
And such was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.
The candidates observ'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:
But when they smelt such foul corruptions
 round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found
 him.

Thus, when a greedy sloven once has
 thrown
His *snout* into the *mess*; 'tis all his own.

The following poem was first printed in Fog's journal of the 17th of Sept. 1733. The subject of it is now over; but our author's known zeal against that project made it be generally supposed to be his. It was occasioned by the bishops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of commons.

Written in the Year 1731.

OLD *Latimer* preaching did fairly describe

A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?

Why truly 'tis *Satan*, arch-bishop of hell.
And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre

Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!

But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles.*

* See considerations on this bill in Vol. X.

Cou'd you see his grim *grace*, for a pound
to a penny,

You'd swear it must be the *baboon* of *K—y*:
Poor *Satan* will think the comparison odi-
ous:

I wish I could find him out one more com-
modious.

But this I am sure, the *most rev'rend old*
dragon

Has got on the bench many b——s suf-
fragan;

And all men believe he presides there *in-*
cog.

To give them by turns an invisible jog.

Our b——s puffed up with wealth and
with pride

To hell on the backs of the clergy would
ride.

They mounted and labour'd with whip
and with spur

In vain—for the devil a parson wou'd stir.
So the *commons* unhors'd them, and this
was their doom,

On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a
broom.

R

Though

Though they gallop'd so fast on the road
 you may find 'em,
 And have left us but three out of twenty
 behind 'em.

Lord *Bolton's* good grace, lord *Car*, and
 lord *Howard* *,
 In spite of the devil would still be unto-
 ward.

They came of good kindred, and could
 not endure,
 Their former companions should beg at
 their door.

When *CHRIST* was betray'd to *Pilate*
 the *prætor*,
 Of a dozen apostles but one prov'd a tray-
 tor :

One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
 But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings
 and cleavings!
 And the clergy forsooth must take up
 with their leavings.
 If making *divisions* was all their intent,
 They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as
 they meant ;

* Archbishop of *Cashell*, bishops of *Killaloe* and *Elphin*.

And

And so may such bishops for ever *divide*,
That no honest heathen would be on their
side.

How shou'd we rejoice, if, like *Judas* the
first,
Those splitters of parsons in funder should
burst?

Now hear an allusion :—A mitre you
know
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider, our emblem is right;
The b——s *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
Should the bottom be split, our b——s
would dread
That the mitre wou'd never stick fast on
their head,
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a
sov'reign,
As *Machiavel* taught 'em; *divide and ye*
govern.
But courage, my l——ds; though it cannot
be said
That one *cloven tongue* ever sat on your
head;

I'll hold you a groat, and I wish I cou'd
 fee't,
 If your stockings were off, you cou'd shew
cloven feet.

But hold, cry the b——s; and give us
 fair play;
 Before you condemn us, hear what we can
 say.

What truer affections cou'd ever be shown
 Than saving your souls by damning our
 own?

And have we not practis'd all methods to
 gain you;

With the tythe of the tythe of the tythe to
 maintain you;

Provided a fund for building you spittals?
 You are only to live four years without vic-
 tuals.

Content, my good l—ds; but let us change
 hands;

First take you our tythes, and give us your
 lands.

So God blefs the church, and three of our
 mitres;

And God blefs the *Commons* for *biting the*
biters.

To

To the Reverend

Dr. S W I F T, D. S. P. D.

*With a present of a paper-book finely bound
on his birth-day, November 30, 1732*.*

By the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

TO thee, dear SWIFT, these spotless
leaves I send;

Small is the present, but sincere the friend.

Think not so poor a book below thy care;

Who knows the price that thou canst make
it bear?

Though tawdry now, and, like *Tyrilla's*
face,

The specious front shines out with borrow'd
grace;

Though paste-boards glitt'ring like a tin-
sel'd coat

A *rasa tabula* within denote:

Yet if a venal and corrupted age,

And modern vices should provoke thy
rage;

* It was occasioned by an annual custom, which I found making him a present on his birth-day.
perfu'd among his friends, of

ORRERY.

If warn'd once more by their impending
fate,

A sinking country and an injur'd state
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad
surprize

Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our
eyes :

Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dis-
pense

True force of eloquence, and nervous sense ;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.

The spangled cov'ring, bright with splendid
oar,

Shall cheat the sight with empty show no
more :

But lead us inward to those golden mines,
Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.

So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with shape
and air,

How is the rapture heighten'd when we
find

Her form excell'd by her celestial mind !

*Verses left with a silver standish on the dean
of St. Patrick's desk on his birth-day, by
Dr. Delany.*

HITHER from *Mexico* I came
To serve a prou'd *Iernian* dame :
Was long submitted to her will ;
At length she lost me at *quadrille*.
Through various shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have rest at last :
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean ;
And sometimes got within his door,
* But soon turn'd out to serve the poor ;
Not strolling idleness to aid,
But honest industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.

This done, to *Hermes* I applied:
“ O *Hermes*, gratify my pride ;
“ Be it my fate to serve a sage,
“ The greatest genius of his age ;
“ That matchless pen let me supply,
“ Whose living lines will never die.

* Alluding to 500 *l.* a year lent by the Dean, without interest, to poor tradesmen.

I grant your suit, the God reply'd,
And here he left me to reside.

*Verses written by Dr. SWIFT occasioned
by the foregoing presents.*

A PAPER book is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to foil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a muse deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praise of long departed wit
Be grav'd on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes;
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The *Vandals* of the present age.

T H E

Hardship upon the L A D I E S.

Written in the Year 1733.

POOR ladies! though their bus'ness be
to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
Why

Why should they want the privilege of
 men,
 Nor take some small diversions now and
 then?
 Had women been the makers of our laws;
 (And why they were not I can see no
 cause;)
 The men should slave at cards from morn
 to night;
 And female pleasures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG

In the MODERN Taste.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

F Luttering spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart;
 I a slave in thy dominions;
 Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming
 All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III. Thus

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddess weeping
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth :
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair *discretion* string the lyre ;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers :
Bright *Apollo* lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft *Elysian* plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia's* brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII. Melan-

VII.

Melancholy smooth *meander*
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 See the bird of *Juno* stooping;
 Melody resigns to fate.

On the words Brother-Protestants, and Fellow-Christians, so familiarly used by the advocates for the repeal of the Test Act in Ireland.

Written in the Year 1733.

AN inundation, says the fable,
 O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
 Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
 Were down the sudden current born;
 While things of heterogeneous kind
 Together float with tide and wind.
 The gen'rous wheat forgot its pride,
 And sail'd with litter side by side;

Uniting

Uniting all to shew their amity,
 As in a general calamity.
 A ball of new dropt horse's dung,
 Mingling with apples in the throng,
 Said to the pippin plump and prim,
See, brother, how we apples swim.

Thus *Lamb*, renown'd for cutting
 corns,
 An offer'd fee from *Radcliff* scorns:
*Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
 Must take no fees of one another.*
 Thus to a dean some curate sloven
 Subscribes, *dear Sir, your brother loving.*
 Thus all the footmen, shoe-boys, porters,
 About St. *James's*, cry, *we courtiers.*
 Thus *H——e* in the house will prate,
Sir, we the ministers of state.
 Thus at the bar that blockhead *Bettef-*
worth,
 Though half a crown o'er pays his sweat's
 worth,
 Who knows in law nor text, nor margent,
 Calls *Singleton* his brother serjeant.
 And thus fanatic faints, though neither in
 Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,

Are *brother Protestants* and *Christians*,
 As much as *Hebrews* and *Philistines* :
 But in no other sense, than nature
 Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
 Lice from your body suck their food ;
 But is a louse your flesh and blood ?
 Though born of human filth and sweat, it
 May as well be said man did beget it.
 But maggots in your nose and chin
 As well may claim you for their kin.

Yet criticks may object, why not ?
 Since lice are brethren to a *Scot* :
 Which made our swarm of sects determine
 Employments for their brother vermin.
 But be they *english*, *irish*, *scottish*,
 What protestant can be so sottish,
 While o'er the church these clouds are ga-
 th'ring,
 To call a swarm of lice his brethren ?

As *Moses*, by divine advice,
 In *Egypt* turn'd the dust to lice ;
 And as our sects, by all descriptions,
 Have hearts more harden'd than *Egyptians* ;
 As from the trodden dust they spring,
 And turn'd to lice infest the king :

For

For pity's sake it would be just,
A *rod* should turn them back to *dust*.

Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble *Job*, had rather
Say to corruption——*thou'rt my father*.
For he, that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be *bit*.

O N

P O E T R Y :

A

R H A P S O D Y.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, *pride*,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say *Britain*, could you ever boast
Three *poets* in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *sprig* of bays in fifty years:

While

While ev'ry fool his claim alledges,
 As if it grew in common hedges.
 What reason can there be assign'd
 For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out, where their talents lie:
 A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
 A founder'd *horse* will oft debate
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate:
 A *dog* by instinct turns aside,
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
 But *man* we find the only creature
 Who, led by *folly*, combats *nature*;
 Who, when *she* loudly cries *forbear*,
 With obstinacy fixes there;
 And where his *genius* least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not *empire* to the rising sun
 By valour, conduct, fortune won;
 Not highest *wisdom* in debates
 For framing laws to govern states;
 Not skill in sciences profound
 So large to grasp the circle round:
 Such heav'nly influence require,
 As how to strike the *musè's lyre*.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
 Not bastard of a pedlār *Scot*;

Not

Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
 The spawn of *Bridewell*, or the stews ;
 Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
 Of *gipsies* litt'ring under hedges,
 Are so disqualify'd by fate
 To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*,
 As he, whom *Phæbus* in his ire
 Hath *blasted* with poetick fire.

What hope of custom in the *fair*,
 While not a soul demands your ware ?
 Where you have nothing to produce
 For private life, or publick use ?
Court, *city*, *country* want you not ;
 You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
 For poets law makes no provision ;
 The wealthy have you in derision ;
 Of state affairs you cannot smatter ;
 Are aukward, when you try to flatter ;
 Your portion, taking *Britain* round,
 * Was just one annual hundred pound ;
 Now not so much as in remainder,
 Since *Cibber* brought in an attainer ;
 For ever fixt by right divine
 (A monarch's right) on *Grubstreet* line.

* Paid to the poet laureat, which place was given to Mr. *Colley Cibber*, a player.

Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy
gains!

How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a *simile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critick's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.

How shall a new attempter learn
Of diff'rent spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourself, and if you find
A pow'rful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or hum'rous lines,

S

To

To elegies in mournful tone,
 Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
 Then rising with *Aurora's* light,
 The muse invok'd, sit down to write;
 Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
 Enlarge, diminish, interline;
 Be mindful, when invention fails,
 To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
 Is needful to transcribe it fair.
 In modern wit all printed trash is
 Set off with num'rous *breaks*--and *dashes*.—

To statesmen would you give a wibe,
 You print it in *italick type*.
 When letters are in vulgar shapes,
 'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
 But when in *capitals* express'd,
 The dullest reader smoaks the jest:
 Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the poet meant;
 As learned commentators view
 In *Homer* more than *Homer* knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
 Correctly fitted for the press,

Convey

Convey by penny-post to *Lintot*,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If *Lintot* thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surpriz'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shews you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at *Will's* the following day
Lie snug, and hear what criticks say.
And if you find the gen'ral vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side,
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And criticks have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:

And since you ne'er provok'd their spight,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone :
Consider what a risk you run :
You lose your credit all at once ;
The town will mark you for a dunce ;
The vilest doggrel *Grubstreet* sends
Will pass for yours with foes and friends ;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
'Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail ; yet safe's the word ;
Take courage and attempt a third.
But first with care imploy your thoughts,
Where criticks mark'd your former faults :
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *similies* that nothing fit ;
The *cant* which ev'ry fool repeats,
Town-jefts, and coffee-house conceits ;
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the lord knows why :
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet ;

On a's and b's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant ;
A publick or a private *robber*,
A *statesman*, or a south-sea *jobber* ;
A *prelate* who no God believes ;
A parliament, or dean of thieves ;
A pick-purse at the bar, or bench,
A duchess, or a suburb wench :
Or oft when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink ;
Like stepping-stones to save a stride
In streets, where kennels are too wide ;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short ;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a diff'rent parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in *Afric* maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

But though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.

From party merit seek support ;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir *Bob's* defence
Will never fail to bring in pence :
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits ev'ry virtue round,
As emblems of the sov'reign pow'r,
Like other bawbles in the Tow'r :
Is gen'rous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies :
His humble *senate* this professes
In all their *speeches, votes, addresses* :
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom ;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise
Ascending make one funeral-blaze :
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This God on earth turns *d—l* in hell ;
And lo ! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait ;
Where in the scenes of endless woe
They ply their former arts below ;

And,

And, as they sail in *Charon's* boat,
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
 To *Cerberus* they give a sop
 His tripple-barking mouth to stop;
 Or in the iv'ry gate * of dreams
 Project excise and South-sea schemes;
 Or hire their party-pamphleteers
 To set *Eysium* by the ears.

Then *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your muse on kings alive;
 With prudence gath'ring up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster,
 Which form'd into a garland sweet
 Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
 Who, as the odours reach his throne,
 Will smile, and think 'em all his own;
 For *law* and *gospel* both determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine.
 (I mean the oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon oath.)
 Your garland in the following reign,
 Change but the names, will do again.

But if you think this trade too base,
 (Which seldom is the dunce's case)

* *Sunt geminae somni portæ, etc.*
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto.

Put on the critick's brow, and sit
 At *Will's* the puny judge of wit.
 A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
 With caution us'd, may serve a while.
 Proceed no further in your part,
 Before you learn the terms of art;
 For you can never be too far gone
 In all our modern criticks jargon:
 Then talk with more authentick face
 Of *unities, in time and place*;
 Get scraps of *Horace* from your friends,
 And have them at your fingers ends;
 Learn *Aristotle's* rules by rote,
 And at all hazards boldly quote;
 Judicious *Rymer* oft review,
 Wise *Dennis*, and profound *Bosſu*.
 Read all the *prefaces* of *Dryden*,
 For these our criticks much confide in,
 (Though meerly writ at first for filling
 To raise the volume's price a shilling.)

A forward critick often dupes us
 With sham quotations * *peri hupsous*:
 And if we have not read *Longinus*,
 Will magisterially out-shine us.

* A famous treatise of *Longinus*.

Then,

Then, left with *Greek* he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from *Boileau's* translation*,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.

At *Will's* you hear a poem read,
Where *Battus* from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like *courtiers*, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learnt, you'll be secure
To get the name of *connoisseur*:
And when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through † *Augusta Trinobantum*,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:

* By Mr. *Welford*.

† The ancient name of *London*.

Whence *Gay* was banish'd in disgrace,
Where *Pope* will never show his face ;
Where *R*—*g* must torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or lose his *pension*.

But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination ;
Through ev'ry alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground :
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out skips a *book of miscellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves, that ev'ry creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw.
A fox with geese his belly crams,
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs.
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on *Parnassus'* top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise ;

And

And strive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.

The vermin only teaze and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, nat'ralists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who though too little to be seen,
Can teaze, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces fools, and sons of whores,
Lay *Grubstreet* at each other's doors;
Extol the *Greek* and *Roman* masters,
And curse our modern poetasters.
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors out-fung us;
Can personate an aukward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who croud the press with hourly trash.

O *Grubstreet*! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their

Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though by their idiom and grimace
They soon betray their native place:
Yet *thou* hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From *Flecknoe* down to *Howard's* time,
How few have reach'd the *low sublime*?
For when our high-born *Howard* died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd *Blackmore's* reign,
The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great * poet of the *hollow-tree*.
But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common-weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal priv'lege to *descend*.

* Lord *Grimston*, author of a play called *Love in an Hollow Tree*.

In bulk there are not more degrees
 From *elephants* to *mites* in cheese,
 Than what a curious eye may trace
 In creatures of the rhyming race.
 From bad to worse, and worse they fall;
 But who can reach the worst of all?
 For though in nature depth and height
 Are equally held infinite,
 In poetry the height we know;
 'Tis only infinite below.
 For instance: when you rashly think,
 No rhymers can like *Welfsted* † sink,
 His merits ballanc'd, you shall find,
 The laureat ‡ leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
 Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
 Smart *Jemmy Moor* with vigour drops,
 The rest pursue as thick as hops.
 With heads to points the gulph they enter,
 Link'd perpendicular to the center;
 And as their heels elated rise,
 Their heads attempt the nether skies.

O, what indignity and shame,
 To prostitute the muse's name!

† *Vide* The treatise on the
Profound, and Mr. *Pope's Dunciad*.

‡ In some editions, instead
 of the laureat, was maliciously

inserted Mr. *Fielding*; for
 whose ingenious writings the
 supposed author hath manifest-
 ed a great esteem.

By flatt'ring——whom heav'n design'd
 The plagues and scourges of mankind;
 Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
 And ev'ry vice that nurses both.

Fair *Britain* in thy monarch blest,
 Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
 Whom never *faction* cou'd bespatter,
 Nor *minister* nor *poet* flatter.
 What justice in rewarding merit!
 What magnanimity of spirit!
 What lineaments divine we trace
 Through all his figure, mien, and face!
 Though peace with olive bind his hands,
 Conquest the conqu'ring hero stands.
 * *Hydaspes*, *Indus*, and the *Ganges*,
 Dread from his hand impending changes.
 From him the *Tartar*, and *Chinese*,
 † Short by the knees intreat for peace.
 The *consort* of his throne and bed
 A perfect goddess born and bred.
 Appointed sov'reign judge to sit
 On learning, eloquence, and wit.

* —— *Super et Garamantas et Indos
 Proferet imperium, etc.*

—— *Jam nunc et Caspia regna
 Responsis horrent Divum, etc.*

† —— *Genibus minor, etc.*

Our eldest hope, divine *Iūlus*,
 (Late, very late, O, may he rule us!)
 What early manhood has he shown,
 Before his downy beard was grown!
 Then think, what wonders will be done
 By going on as he begun,
 An heir for *Britain* to secure
 As long as sun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood,
 Comes pouring on me like a flood.
 Bright goddesses, in number five;
 Duke *William*, sweetest prince alive.

Now sing the *minister of state*,
 Who shines alone without a mate.
 Observe with what majestick port
 This *Atlas* stands to prop the court:
 Intent the publick debts to pay
 Like prudent † *Fabius* by delay.
 Thou great vicegerent of the king,
 Thy praises ev'ry muse shall sing!
 In all affairs thou sole director,
 Of wit and learning chief protector;
 Though small the time thou hast to spare,
 The church is thy peculiar care.

† *Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.*

Of pious prelates what a stock
 You chuse to rule the sable flock?
 You raise the honour of the peerage
 Proud to attend you at the steerage.
 You dignify the noble race,
 Content yourself with humbler place.
 Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
 To titles give the sole pretence.
 St. *George* beheld thee with delight
 Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
 When on thy breast and sides *herculean*
 He fixt the *star* and *string cerulean*.

Say, poet, in what other nation
 Shone ever such a constellation!
 Attend, ye *Popes*, and *Youngs*, and *Gays*,
 And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
 Your panegyricks here provide:
 You cannot err on flatt'ry's side.
 Above the stars exalt your style,
 You still are low ten thousand mile.
 On *Lewis* all his bards bestow'd
 Of incense many a thousand load;
 But *Europe* mortified his pride,
 And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
 Yet what the world refus'd to *Lewis*
 Applied to *George* exactly true is.

T

Exactly

Exactly true! invidious poet!
 'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines, if you can,
 From *Virgil*, *Martial*, *Ovid*, *Lucan*.
 They could all pow'r in heav'n divide,
 And do no wrong to either side:
 They teach you how to split a hair,
 * Give——and *Jove* an equal share.
 Yet, why should we be lac'd so straight?
 I'll give my——butter-weight.
 And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
 Nor though his priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his aid:
 We now can better do without him,
 Since *Woolston* gave us arms to rout him.
 * * * * * *Cætera desiderantur.* * * * * *

* *Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

A
 CHARACTER,
 P A N E G Y R I C K,
 AND
 DESCRIPTION
 OF THE
 L E G I O N C L U B. *

AS I strole the city, oft I
 See a building large and lofty,
 Not a bow-shot from the college,
 Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
 By the prudent architect
 Plac'd against the church direct,
 Making good my grandame's jest,
 † *Near the church*——you know the rest.

* I have written a very masterly poem on the legion club—it is 240 lines.

Swift's Letters, Letter 36.

The dean complains in Letter 37 that other characters

were added, and in Letter 38, that there were 50 different copies; but this consists of just 240 lines, and has every other mark of a genuine copy.

† The nearer the church the farther from God.

Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains,
These demoniacks let me dub
With the name of *Legion club*;
Such assemblies you might swear
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a nose, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout, and such a rabble
Run to hear jack-pudden gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.

Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on ev'ry scull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy that harpies nest,
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod,
And the gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.

Yet

Yet should *Swift* endow the schools
For his *lunaticks* and *fools*
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand:
You perhaps will ask me, why so?
But it is with this proviso,
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung;
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, e'er they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them with their gosling quills
Scribble senseless heads of bills.

We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a---s with their votes.

Let * Sir *T——m*, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces
Tear the bible all to pieces :
At the parsons, *Tom*, holloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoe-boy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser;
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from papists, and a regicide;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.

Come, assist me, muse obedient,
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy pow'r.
Thither, gentle muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.

See, the muse unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!

* Sir *Thomas P——st*, a and son to the informer of that
P—— C——r of *Ireland*, name.

† All ye Gods, who rule the soul,
Styx, through hell whose waters roll!
 Let me be allow'd to tell
 What I heard in yonder hell.

‡ Near the door an entrance gapes,
 Crouded round with antick shapes,
Poverty, and *grief*, and *care*,
Causeless joy, and true *despair*,
Discord periwig'd with snakes,
 See the dreadful strides she takes.

By this odious crew beset
 I began to rage and fret,
 § And resolv'd to break their pates,
 E'er we enter'd at the gates;
 Had not *Clio* in the nick
 Whisper'd me, *lay down your stick*.
 What, said I, is this the *mad-house*?
 These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
 Phantoms bodiless and vain,
 Empty visions of the brain.

† *Di, quibus imperium est animarum, etc.*
Sit mihi fas audita loqui.

Virg. Lib. VI.

‡ *Vestibulum ante ipsum, etc.*

Ibid.

§ *Et ni docta comes, etc.*

Ibid.

* In the porch *Briareus* stands,
 Shews a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
 But we mortals call him C——y.
 When the rogues their country fleece,
 They may hope for pence a-piece.

Clio, who had been so wise
 To put on a fool's disguise
 To bespeak some approbation,
 And be thought a near relation,
 When she saw three hundred brutes
 All involv'd in wild disputes,
 Roaring 'till their lungs were spent
 PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
 Now a new misfortune feels,
 Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
 Never durst a muse before
 Enter that infernal door;
Clio stifled with the smell
 Into spleen and vapours fell,
 By the *stygian* steams that flew
 From the dire infectious crew.
 Not the stench of lake *Avernus*
 Could have more offended her nose;

* *Et centumgeminus Briareus, etc.*

Virg. Lib. VI.

Had she flown but o'er the top,
 She had felt her pinions drop,
 And by exhalations dire,
 Though a goddess, must expire.
 In a fright she crept away;
 Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

When I saw the keeper frown,
 Tipping him with half a crown,
 Now, said I, we are alone,
 Name your heroes one by one.

Who is that hell-featur'd brawler,
 Is it *Satan*? no 'tis *W*——-r.
 In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir *H*——-s?
 Honest keeper, drive him further,
 In his looks are hell and murder;
 See the scowling visage drop,
 Just as when he murder'd *T*——-p.

Keeper, shew me where to fix
 On the puppy pair of *Dicks*;
 By their lanthorn jaws and leathern,
 You might swear they both are brethren;
Dick Fitz Baker, *Dick* the player,
 Old acquaintance, are you there?

Dear

Dear companions, hug and kifs,
 Toaft *old glorious* in your pifs.
 Tie 'em, keeper, in a tether,
 Let 'em starve and stink together;
 Both are apt to be unruly,
 Lash 'em daily, lash 'em duly;
 Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
 Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.

Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
 Sweetly snoring in his cloak.
 Who is he? 'Tis humdrum *W——ne*
 Half encompass'd by his kin:
 There observe the tribe of *B——b——m*,
 For he never fails to bring 'em;
 While he sleeps the whole debate,
 They submissive round him wait;
 Yet would gladly see the hunks
 In his grave, and search his trunks.
 See, they gently twitch his coat,
 Just to yawn and give his vote,
 Always firm in his vocation,
 For the *C——*, against the *N——*.

Those are *A——s* *Jack* and *Bob*,
 First in every wicked job,
 Son and brother to a queer
 Brainfick brute, they call a peer.

We must give them better quarter,
 For their ancestor trod mortar,
 And at *H——th* to boast his fame,
 On a chimney cut his name——.

There sit *C—nts*, *D——ks*, and *H—n*,
 How they swagger from their garrison.
 Such a triplet could you tell
 Where to find on this side hell?
H——n, and *D——ks*, and *C——nts*,
 Keeper, see they have their payments.
 Every mischief's in their hearts;
 If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bless us, *M——n*! art thou there, man?
 Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
 Chairman to your damn'd committee!
 Yet I look on thee with pity.
 Dreadful sight! what learned *M——n*
 Metamorphos'd to a *Gorgon*!
 For thy horrid looks, I own,
 Half convert me to a stone:
 Hast thou been so long at school
 Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma mater was thy mother,
 Ev'ry young divine thy brother.
 Thou, a disobedient varlet,
 Treat thy mother like a harlot!

Thou,

Thou, ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown rev'rend preachers!
M—, would it not surprize one?
Turn thy nourishment to poyson!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come, and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every *Greek* and *Roman* author.
Will you in your faction's phrase
Send the clergy all to graze;
And to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?

How I want thee, hum'rous *Hogarth*!
Thou, I hear a pleasant rogue art;
Were but you and I acquainted,
Ev'ry monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like, for I assure ye,
You will need no *car'atura*;

Draw

Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in ev'ry face.

Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
*Pray be patient, you shall find
Half the best are still behind:
You have hardly seen a score,
I can shew two hundred more.*
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their God, the d——l, confound 'em.

* A N

A P O L O G Y, *etc.*

A LADY wife as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Wou'd have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.

But

But you must know he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning wou'd not lessen
The dignity of his profession;
And if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one, who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprizing how
He should be sent for thither now.

The message told, he gapes, and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes, or ears.
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And wou'd not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Passes the lower castle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state;
For conscious of his sheepish gait

His

His spirits of a sudden fail'd him,
He stop'd, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the message I receiv'd?
Why certainly the captain rav'd?
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be me.
Or may be I mistook the word;
My lady—it must be my lord.

My lord's abroad; my lady too:
What must th' unhapy doctor do?
*Is * capt. Crach' rode here, pray?—no.*
Nay then 'tis time for me to go.
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could speak,
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why what a jest shou'd I have been
Had now my lady been within.
What could I've said? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past;
Well then, I'll e'en go home and fast;
And since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.

* The gentleman who brought the message.

My lady now returning home
 Calls, *Crack' rode, is the doctor come?*
 He had not heard of him—*pray see,*
'Tis now a quarter after three.
 The captain walks about, and searches
 Through all the rooms, and courts, and
 arches;
 Examines all the servants round,
 In vain—no doctor's to be found.
 My lady could not chuse but wonder:
Captain, I fear you've made some blunder:

*But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
 I'll try his manners once again;
 If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
 My son shall never see a college.*

The captain was a man of reading,
 And much good sense, as well as breeding,
 Who, loth to blame, or to incense,
 Said little in his own defence:
 Next day another message brought;
 The doctor frighten'd at his fault,
 Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
 Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
 Panting—and faultring—humming and ha'd.
Her ladyship was gone abroad;

The

*The captain too—he did not know
Whether he ought to stay or go.*
Beg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion
My lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him she thought she might believe
him;
And wou'd not only grant his suit,
But visit him and eat some fruit;
Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So bowing, seemingly comply'd;
Though if he durst he had denied.
But first resolv'd to shew his taste
Was too refin'd to give a feast:
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Wou'd entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence;
For well he knew to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clog'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;

U

While

Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats:
Instead of spoils of *persian* looms,
The costly boasts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest dye, that shone
With native lustre, like her own:
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par maniere d'acquit*.
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shews or hides his beams:
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees
Starts at the rustling of the trees;
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologise his late offence:
“ Madam, the mighty pow'r of use
“ Now strangely pleads in my excuse.

“ If

“ If you unus’d have scarcely strength
“ To gain this walk’s untoward length ;
“ If frighten’d at a scene so rude,
“ Through long difuse of solitude ;
“ If long confin’d to fires and screens
“ You dread the waving of these greens ;
“ If you, who long have breath’d the fumes
“ Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
“ Do now solicitously shun
“ The cooler air, and dazzling sun ;
“ If his majestick eye you flee,
“ Learn hence t’excuse and pity me.
“ Consider what it is to bear
“ The powder’d courtier’s witty sneer ;
“ To see th’ important man of dress
“ Scoffing my college awkwardness,
“ To be the strutting cornet’s sport ;
“ To run the gauntlet of the court,
“ Winning my way by slow approaches,
“ Through crowds of coxcombs and of
“ coaches,
“ From the first fierce cockaded centry,
“ Quite through the tribe of waiting gen-
“ try ;
“ To pass so many crowded stages,
“ And stand the staring of your pages ;

“ And, after all, to crown my spleen,
 “ Be told——*you are not to be seen.*
 “ Or, if you are, be forc’d to bear
 “ The awe of your majestick air.
 “ And can I then be faulty found
 “ In dreading this vexatious round?
 “ Can it be strange, if I eschew
 “ A scene so glorious and so new?
 “ Or is he criminal that flies
 “ The living lustre of your eyes?

A

NEW SIMILE

FOR THE

LADIES.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

Written in the Year 1731.

I Often try’d in vain to find
 A *simile* for woman-kind,
 A *simile* I mean to fit ’em,
 In every circumstance to hit ’em.

Through

Through every beast and bird I went,
 I ranfack'd ev'ry element,
 And after peeping through all nature
 To find so whimsical a creature,
 A *cloud* presented to my view,
 And strait this parallel I drew:

Clouds turn with ev'ry wind about,
 They keep us in suspense and doubt,
 Yet oft perverse, like woman-kind,
 Are seen to scud against the wind;
 And are not women just the same?
 For, who can tell at what they aim?

Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
 When bellowing they discharge their thun-
 der;
 So when th' alarum-bell is rung,
 Of * *Xanti*'s everlasting tongue,

The

* XANTI, a nick-name for XANTIPPE, that scold of glorious memory, who never let poor SOCRATES have one moment's peace of mind, yet with unexampled patience he bore her pestilential tongue. I shall beg the ladies pardon, if I insert a few passages concerning her, and at the same time I assure them, it is not to lessen

those of the present age, who are possess'd of the like laudable talents: for I will confess, that I know three in the city of *Dublin* no way inferior to XANTIPPE, but that they have not as great men to work upon.

When a friend asked SOCRATES, how he could bear the scolding of his wife XANTIPPE, he retorted, and asked him,

The husband dreads its loudness more,
Than light'ning's flash, or thunder's roar.

Clouds weep as they do, without pain,
And what are tears but womens rain?

The *clouds* about the welkin roam,
And ladies never stay at home.

The *clouds* build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the schemes of their forecasting
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.

him, how he could bear the gaggling of his geese. Ay, but my geese lay eggs for me, reply'd his friend. So doth my wife bear children, said SOCRATES. *Diog. Laert.*

Being asked another time by a friend, how he could bear her tongue, he said, she was of this use to him, that she taught him to bear the importunences of others with more ease when he went abroad. *Plut. de capiend. ex host. utilit.*

SOCRATES invited his friend EUTHYDEMUS to supper; XANTIPPE in great rage went in to them, and overset the table; EUTHYDEMUS rising in a passion to go off, my dear friend stay, said SOCRATES,

did not a hen do the same thing at your house the other day, and did I shew any resentment? *Plut. de ira cobibenda.*

I could give many more instances of her termagancy, and his philosophy, if such a proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an opportunity to expose the fair sex; but to shew I have no such design, I declare, that I had much worse stories to tell of her behaviour to her husband, which I rather passed over, on account of the great esteem which I bear the ladies, especially those in the honourable station of matrimony.

A cloud

A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden pouting gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the *simile* will strike)
Though in the darkest dumps you view 'em,
Stay but a moment you'll see through 'em.

The *clouds* are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So *Cælia* with small provocation
Blasts ev'ry neighbour's reputation.

The *clouds* delight in gaudy show,
For they, like ladies, have their beau;
The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.

Observe the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd,
The pink, the rose, the vi'lets dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky;
How do these differ from our *Graces*
In garden-filks, brocades, and laces?

Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birth-day night?

The *clouds* delight to change their fashion:
Dear ladies, be not in a passion,
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who ev'ry hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are seen
The fullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.

In ev'ning fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold,
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in * borrow'd lace.

Grave matrons are like *clouds* of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow,
While brisk coquets, like rattling hail,
Our ears on ev'ry side assail.

Clouds when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:

* Not *Flanders* lace, but gold and silver lace. By borrowed, is meant such as run in honest tradesmen's debts for what they were not able to

pay, as many of them did for *french* silver lace against the last birth-day. *Vid. the shop-keepers books.*

So when my *Chloe* I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.

Thus, on comparifon you fee,
In ev'ry instance they agree,
So like, fo very much the fame,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That ev'ry woman is a *cloud*.

T H E

A N S W E R.

PResumptuous bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show,
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse*?

We hardly thunder thrice a year;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear:
But

But ev'ry sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.

Some critick may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps* ;
But what, alas! are *claps* ætherial,
Compar'd for mischief to venereal ?
Can *clouds* give bubo's, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound ;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a *cloudy* sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks ;
But women in a *cloudy* plight
Foretel a storm to last till night:

A *cloud* in proper seasons pours
His blessings down in fruitful show'rs ;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.

When * *Syrius* o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire asswages ;
But woman is a curst inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:

* The dog-star.

To kindle strife dame nature taught her ;
Like fire-works she can burn in water.

For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous ?
You'll see a *cloud* in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together ;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change ev'ry feature ev'ry second.

Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning ;
But can you guess from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair ?

Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint *Ixion's* rape
JOVE drest a *cloud* in *Juno's* shape ;
Which, when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleas'd him more ;
No difference could he find between
His *cloud* and *JOVE's* imperial queen :
His *cloud* produc'd a race of *centaurs*
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures ;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*.

But

But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to pass for *Juno*?

Before *Æneas* durst aspire
To court her majesty of *Tyre*,
His mother beg'd of us to dress him,
That *Dido* might the more caress him:
A coat we gave him dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig, and *clouded* cane.
(The wig was powderd round with fleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet)
With which he made a tearing show;
And *Dido* quickly *smoak'd* the beau.

Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as *Iris*?
With heav'nly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting *Juno's* fav'rite maid.

'Tis known, that *Socrates* the wise
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities;
To us he made his daily prayers,
As *Aristophanes* declares;
From *Jupiter* took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.

By

By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain.
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide,
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the Gods give place:
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions:
You find the Gods in *Homer* dwell
In seas and streams, or low as hell:
Ev'n *Jove*, and *Mercury* his pimp,
No higher climb than mount *Olymp*,
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he
pierces?
He pierce the *clouds*! he kifs their a—es.)
While we, o'er *Teneriffa* plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And when *Apollo* struts on *Pindus*,
We see him from our kitchen windows;

Or

Or to *Parnassus*, looking down,
Can p--fs upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When *JOVE* would some fair nymph in-
veigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though *Venus* be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four;
And jealous *Juno* ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*:
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sun-shine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools believe
JOVE pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water;
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes.

As you shall to your sorrow know ;
We'll watch your steps where'er you go :
And since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly fouce your frize furtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That *Phæbus* ever shews his face :
For when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side :
And then how saucily he shews
His brazen face, and fiery nose ;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair ?

'Tis sung, wherever *Cælia* treads,
The vi'lets ope their purple heads ;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs ;
'Tis sung ; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often p--fs upon a nettle ;
But though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better ;
While we by soft prolifick show'rs
Can ev'ry spring produce you flow'rs.

Your poets, *Chloe's* beauty hightning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning ;

And

And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But gods, like us, have too much sense
At poets flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to *Venus*.

We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.

T I M *and the* F A B L E S.

From the Tenth *Intelligencer*.

M*Y meaning will be best unravell'd,
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.*
In *Lucas's* by chance there lay
The *fables* writ by Mr. *Gay*.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a *fable*;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The *monkey* who had seen the world:
(For *Tonson* had, to help the sale,
Prefixt a cut to ev'ry tale.)

The

The *monkey* was completely drest,
The *beau* in all his airs exprest.
Tim with surprize and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glafs, and then comparing
His own sweet figure with the print,
Distinguish'd ev'ry feature in't,
The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the
fidge an all,
Just as they lookt in the original.
By——says *Tim*, (and let a F——
This graver understood his art.
'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't ;
I well remember, when I sat for't.
My very face, as first I knew it ;
Just in this drest the painter drew it.
Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
Wou'd read what underneath was writ-
ten,
The merry tale with moral grave.
He now began to storm and rave ;
“ The curst villain ! now I see
“ This was a libel meant at me ;
“ Those scriblers grow so bold of late
“ Against us ministers of state !
“ Such jacobites as he deserve,——
“ Damme, I say, they ought to starve.

*Dear Tim no more such angry speeches,
 Unbutton, and let down your breeches,
 Tear out the tale and wipe your a——,
 I know you love to act a farce*.*

* Of the Xth [Intellig.] I lines. *Letters to and from Dr.*
 writ only the verses, and of Swift. LXI.
 those, not the four last slovenly

POSTHUMOUS
PIECES
IN VERSE.

Printed for R. DODSDEY, C. HITCH, and
C. DAVIS.

2

C B S

1872

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ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1872

ODE to the Athenian Society.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

AS when the deluge first began to fall,
 That mighty ebb never to flow again,
 (When this huge body's moisture was so great,
 It quite o'ercame the vital heat)
 That mountain which was highest first of all
 Appear'd above the universal main,
 To bless the primitive sailor's weary fight;
 And 'twas perhaps *Parnassus*, if in height
 It be as great as 'tis in fame,
 And nigh to heaven as is its name:
 So after th' inundation of a war,
 When learning's little household did embark
 With her world's fruitful system in her sacred
 ark,
 At the first ebb of noise and fears,
Philosophy's exalted head appears:
 And the dove-muse will now no longer stay,
 But plumes her silver wings, and flies away;
 And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
 To crown the happy conqueror,
 To shew the flood begins to cease,
 And brings the dear reward of victory and peace:

II.

The eager muse took wing upon the waves decline,

When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
And for a while in heav'nly contemplation sat
On the high top of peaceful *Ararat*;
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the
first that grew,

The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and
rain)

And thence with joyful, nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble * chaplet for the king.

And the dove-muse is fled once more
(Glad of the victory, yet frightened at the war)

And now discovers from afar

A peaceful and a flourishing shore:

No sooner did she land

On the delightful strand,

Than strait she sees the country all around,

Where fatal *Neptune* rul'd e'erwhile,

Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens
crown'd,

And many a pleasant wood;

* The Ode I writ to the king in *Ireland*.

As if the universal *Nile*
Had rather water'd it, than drown'd :
It seems some floating piece of paradise,
Preserv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wand'ring through the deep, as we are told
Fam'd *Delos* did of old,
And the transported muse imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove ;
When with amazing joy she hears
An unknown musick all around,
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly song
Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and
love,
Whilst angels tune the voice, and God inspires
the tongue.
In vain she catches at the empty sound,
In vain pursues the musick with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
The wild excursions of a youthful pen ;
Forgive a young, and (almost) virgin-muse,
Whom blind and eager curiosity

(Yet curiosity, they say,
Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)

Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
After a mighty light that leads her wand'ring eye:
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of
sense

For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence, the scurvy of mankind.
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions still,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join like flies, and wasps, in buzzing about
wit.

In me, who am of the first sect of these,
All merit, that transcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praise.

And our good brethren of the surly sect
Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
For though, possess'd of present vogue, they've
made

Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.

And

And you whom *Pluto's* helm does wisely shroud
From us the blind and thoughtless croud,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinencies see,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and
me.

IV.

But censure's to be understood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The publick stamp heav'n sets on all that's great
and good
Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
The war methinks has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Instead of boldly sailing far to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
We fondly stay at home in fear
Of ev'ry censuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the
sale,
And selling basely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the
stage;
Wond'rous refiners of philosophy,
Of morals and divinity,

By

By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
 Against all logick and concluding laws,
 Do own th' effects of providence,
 And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
 How little, very little do prevail
 Their first and chiefeſt force
 To censure, to cry down, and rail,
 Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
 Will quickly take another courſe:
 And by their never-failing ways
 Of ſolving all appearances they pleaſe,
 We ſoon ſhall ſee them to their ancient methods
 fall,
 And ſtraight deny you to be men, or any thing at
 all.

I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
 Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
 'Tis but to ſay, that what we daily meet,
 And by a fond miſtake
 Perhaps imagine to be wond'rous wit,
 And think, alas, to be by mortals writ,
 Is but a croud of atoms juſtling in a heap,
 Which from eternal ſeeds begun,
 Juſtling ſome thouſand years till ripen'd by the
 fun;
 They're

They're now, just now as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much, I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I'm satisfy'd to guess,
That this new, noble and delightful scene
Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease,
(That epidemick error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye)
That what surprizes us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world
round
To make some great discovery,
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty *Nile* has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We've found a little inconsiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever
live,

Won't

Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
 Else why shou'd the fam'd *lydian* king,
 Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and
 state,
 With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to
 be great,
 Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait,
 Still wear, still doat on his invifible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of fame,
 Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
 As to paint *echo* to the fight;
 I would not draw th' idea from an empty name:
 Because, alas, when we all die,
 Careless and ignorant posterity,
 Although they praise the learning and the wit,
 And though the title seems to show
 The name and man by whom the book was
 writ,
 Yet how shall they be brought to know,
 Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
 Less should I dawb it o'er with transitory praise,
 And water-colours of these days:
 These days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
 Is at a loss for figures to express
 Mens folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
 And

And by a faint description makes them less.
Then tell us, what is fame, where shall we search
for it?

Look where exalted virtue and religion sit
Enthron'd with heav'nly wit,
Look where you see
The greatest scorn of learned vanity,
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of
breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind :)
And when you find out these, believe true fame
is there,
Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown, is only known in
you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance tre-
pan'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, strait became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,

Vext

Vext at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
 But disappointed of his fond desire,
 Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
 This furly, flipp'ry God, when he design'd
 To furnish his escapes,
 Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
 Than you to please and satisfy mankind,
 And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame,
 and air,
 So well you answer all phenomena's there:
 Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and
 fools,
 With all that factious, or enthusiastick dotards
 dream,
 And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
 Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and
 shame,
 Contrive to shock your minds with many a sense-
 less doubt;
 Doubts where the *delphick* God would grope in
 ignorance and night,
 The God of learning and of light
 Would want a * God himself to help him out.

* Θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς.

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last.
This beauteous queen, by heav'n design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the
fall !

More oft in fools and madmens hands than
sages,
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge fardingal to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a top-knot and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new die ;
How soon have you restor'd her charms
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Drest her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great,
How fond we are to court her to our arms !
How much of heav'n is in her naked looks !

X. Thus

X.

Thus the deluding muse oft blinds me to her
ways,

And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.

The rebel muse, alas, takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan th' unhappy fire.

Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah could you, could you hope a poet for your
friend!

Rather forgive what my first transport said:
May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn
be shed,

Lie upon you, and on your childrens head;
For you (ah, did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be!)

Have e'en increas'd their pride and cruelty.

Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown

Platonick champions, gain'd without one female
wile,

Or the vast charges of a smile;

Which

Which 'tis a shame how much of late
You've taught the cov'tous wretches to o'er-
rate,
And which they've now the conscience to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and slavery of years.
Let the vain sex dream on, their empire comes
from us,
And had they common generosity
They would not use us thus.
Well——though you've rais'd her to this
high degree,
Ourselves are rais'd as well as she;
And spight of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain,
If even the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I sigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the closing of an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's
death,
When the sad melancholy muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.

Y

I grieve,

I grieve, this nobler work most happily begun,
 So quickly and so wonderfully carry'd on,
 May fall at last to interest, folly and abuse.

There is a noon-tide in our lives,
 Which still the sooner it arrives,
 Although we boast our winter-fun looks bright,
 And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
 Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy
 night.

No conquest ever yet begun,
 And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
 E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
 It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it
 past,

And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.

For when the animating mind is fled,
 (Which nature never can retain,
 Nor e'er call back again)

The body, though gigantick, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
 With what unhappy men shall dare
 To be successors to these great unknown,
 On learning's high-establish'd throne.
 Censure, and pedantry, and pride,
 Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
 Shall

Shall (I foresee it) soon with *gothick* swarms come
forth

From ignorance's universal north,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful go-
vernment:

Yet shall these traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign ;
And to all future mankind shew
How strange a paradox is true,
That men, who liv'd and dy'd without a name,
Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of fame.

* O D E

To the Hon^{ble} Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at *Moorpark*, June 1689.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies,
 Till its first emperor rebellious man
 Depos'd from off his seat
 It fell, and broke with its own weight
 Into small states and principalities,
 By many a petty lord possess'd,
 But ne'er since seated in one single breast.
 'Tis you who must this land subdue,
 The mighty conquest's left for you,
 The conquest and discovery too ;
 Search out this *utopian* ground,
 Virtue's *terra incognita*,
 Where none ever led the way,
 Nor never since but in descriptions found,
 Like the philosopher's stone,
 With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

* When the authors posthumous pieces were reprinted in *Ireland*, this and the foregoing odes were omitted.

II. We

II.

We have too long been led astray,
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought,
'Tis you must put us in the way ;
Let us (for shame) no more be fed
With antique reliques of the dead,
The gleanings of philosophy,
Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchymy,
And we the bubbled fools
Spend all our present in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ign'rance learning call !
We odly *Plato's* paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food ;
Nature's fair table-book our tender souls
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools ;
For learning's mighty treasure's look
In that deep grave a book,
Think she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there
since she dy'd ;

Confine her walks to colleges and schools,
 Her priests, her train and followers show
 As if they all were spectres too,
 They purchase knowledge at the expence
 Of common breeding, common sense,
 And at once grow scholars and fools;
 Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
 Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,
 And sick with dregs of knowledge grown,
 Which greedily they swallow down,
 Still cast it up and nauseate company.

IV.

Curst be the wretch, nay doubly curst,
 (If it may lawful be
 To curse our great enemy)
 Who learnt himself that heresy first
 (Which since has seiz'd on all the rest)
 That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
 Taught us, like *Spaniards*, to be proud and poor,
 And fling our scraps before our door.
 Thrice happy you have 'scapt this gen'ral pest;
 Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
 Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances
 meet,

We find in you at last united grown.

You cannot be compar'd to one,
I must, like him that painted *Venus'* face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and *Epicurus* will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in *Cæsar's* learning too,
Your happy frame at once controuls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old *Rome* boast *Fabius'* fate,
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace,
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To shew it cost its price in war,
War! that mad game, the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;
For though with loss or victory awhile
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
 No thunder e'er can blast,
 Th' artillery of the skies
 Shoots to the earth and dies;
 Nor ever green and flourishing 'twill last,
 Nor dipt in blood, nor widows tears nor or-
 phans cries;
 About the head crown'd with these bays,
 Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
 Nor its triumphal cavalcade to grace
 Make up its solemn train with death;
 It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the
 sheath.

VII.

The wily shifts of state, those juggler's tricks
 Which we call deep design and politicks,
 (As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
 Because the cords escape their eye,
 Wonder to see the motions fly)
 Methinks, when you expose the scene,
 Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
 Off fly the vizards and discover all,
 How plain I see through the deceit!
 How shallow! and how gross the cheat!
 Look

Look where the pully's ty'd above!

Great God! (said I) what have I seen!

On what poor engines move

The thoughts of monarchs, and designs of states!

What petty motives rule their fates!

How the mouse makes the mighty mountain
shake!

The mighty mountain labours with its birth,

Away the frighted peasants fly,

Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,

Expect some great gigantick son of earth;

Lo it appears!

See how they tremble! how they quake!

Out starts the little beast and mocks their idle
fears.

VIII.

Then tell (dear fav'rite muse)

What serpent's that which still resorts,

Still lurks in palaces and courts.

Take thy unwonted flight,

And on the terras light.

See where she lies!

See how she rears her head,

And rolls about her dreadful eyes,

To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!

'Twas

330 ODE TO Sir W. TEMPLE.

'Twas sure this basilisk sent *Temple* thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and transparent innocence:
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almost got priority of fight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite,
(In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite)
Till at last tir'd with loss of time and ease,
Resolv'd to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing (belov'd muse) the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain
Shew the delights thy sister nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy
fields;
Go publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain!
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the muse luxuriant grown,
Whene'er she takes this flight
She soars clear out of sight,
These are the paradises of her own;

(The

(The pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led
To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his usual course.)

Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd streams,
The crooked paths of wandering *Thames*.
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft she looks back in vain,
Oft' gainst her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town,
And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor, *Adam*, knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the
court;
(How that which we a kernel see,
Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of sight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree,

Whence

332 ODE TO Sir W. TEMPLE,

Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the
earth,

Where all the fruitful atoms lie,
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiously upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine

Was cast in the same mold with mine?
Why then does nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate?

And all her jewels and her plate,
Poor we, *cadets* of heav'n, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of
a fate:

Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade,
Some she does to *egyptian* bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for
straw;

Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:

Me

Me she has to the muse's gallies ty'd,
In vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the muse turns the helm, and I launch
out again :
And yet to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining
breath,
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then (Sir,) accept this worthless verse,
The tribute of an humble muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
And kindled first with indolence and ease,
And since too oft debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
In wisdom and philosophy;
In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds and runs up to poetry.

On DAN JACKSON's *Picture cut
in Paper.*

TO fair lady *Betty Dan* sat for his picture,

And defy'd her to draw him so oft as he
piqu'd her,

He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by
her,

And therefore he thought he might safely
defy her.

Come sit, says my lady, then whips up her
scissar,

And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice,
Sir.

Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise

How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his eyes,

But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
That his thin leathern jaws all her art wou'd
defeat.

Lady *Betty* observ'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin;
And to make roasted silk to resemble his
raw-bone,

She rais'd up a thread to the jett of his jaw-
bone ;

Till

Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of
his nose.

And if lady *Betty* had drawn him with wig
and all,

'Tis certain the copy had out-done the ori-
ginal.

Well, that's but my outside, says *Dan*
with a vapour.

Say you so? says my lady; I've lin'd it with
paper.

P——D—— *sculpsit.*

Another.

CLARISSA draws her scissars from
the case

To draw the lines of poor *Dan Jackson's*
face.

One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and
chin,

A nick produc'd a mouth and made him
grin,

Such as in taylor's measure you have seen. }

But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worsted-stockings paint sup-
plies.

Th'

Th' unravell'd thread thro' needle's eye
convey'd

Transferr'd itself into his paste-board head.
How came the scissars to be thus out-done?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wond'rous force of art! now look at

Dan—

You'd swear the paste-board was the better man.

The dev'l, says he, the head is not so full—
Indeed it is, behold the paper skull.

THO. S——D *sculp.*

Another.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
Had strip'd him of his coin at dice;
Chloe observing this disgrace,
On *pam* cut out his rueful face.
By G—, says *Dan*, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. R——D *sculp.*

On the foregoing Picture.

WHILST you three merry poets traf-
fick

To give us a description graphick
Of *Dan's* large nose in modern saphick,

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the *Germans*,
Or murmuring at whigs preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for *Rochfort*,
And look in *english*, *french*, and *scotch* for't,
At last I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

Bid lady *Betty* recollect her,
And tell, who was it cou'd direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre.

I must confess, that as to me, sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear, it is hers.

'Tis true, no nose could come in better ;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, *Dan*, this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows,
What fortune may befall his nose.

Shew me the brightest *irish* toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge
and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear *Dan*, that ev'ry friend
Tries, who shall have it by the end,

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprize
Thy nose outshining *Cælia's* eyes,

DAN JACKSON'S *Answer.*

*My verse little better you'll find than my face is,
A word to the wise, ut pictura poesis.*

THREE merry lads with envy stung,
Because *Dan's* face is better hung,
Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspir'd by what they drew.
Let then such criticks know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
Whilst ev'ry line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I shou'd name the men who do rehearse
The story of the picture-farce;
The 'squire in *french* as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,

§49 DAN JACKSON's ANSWER.

On face on cards is very brisk, Sirs,
 Because on them you play at whisk, Sirs.
 But much I wonder, why my crany
 Shou'd envy'd be by *De-el-any*;
 And yet much more, that half-name-fake
 Shou'd join a party in the freak.
 For sure I am it was not safe
 Thus to abuse his better half,
 As I shall prove you *Dan* to be,
 Divisim and conjunctively.
 For if *Dan* love not *Sherry*, can
Sherry be any thing to *Dan*?
 This is the case, whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of *Sherry*;
 Or shou'd *Dan* be by *Sherry* o'ertane,
 Then *Dan* would be poor *Sherridane*;
 'Tis hard then he should be decry'd
 By *Dan* with *Sherry* by his side.
 But if the case must be so hard,
 That faces suffer by a card,
 Let criticks censure, what care I,
 Backbiters only we defy,
 Faces are free from injury.

Answer

Answer to DAN JACKSON, *by*
Mr. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

YOU say your face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by nose or
tongue?

In not explaining you were wrong
to us, Sir.

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd disgrace
of noose, Sir,

But yet be not cast down; I see
A weaver will your hangman be;
You'll only hang in tapestry
with many.

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your cloaths,
dear *Danny*.

Thus will the fair of ev'ry age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
of love, Sir.

342 ANSWER TO DAN JACKSON.

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent

to *Jove*, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient *Rome*,
By matrons worship'd in the gloom

of night.

O happy *Dan*! thrice happy sure!
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure

at fight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty;
Now I'll proceed a word or two t'ye,

in answer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone,
In your opinion are all one.

How can, Sir,

A man of reas'ning so profound,
So stupidly be run aground,
As things so different to confound

t' our senses?

Except

ANSWER TO DAN JACKSON. 343

Except you judg'd 'em by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block :
Such an experimental stroak
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion;
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,
is granted.

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit ;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where *Dan* and *Sherry's* made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, Sir.

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took)
you'll find, Sir,

S, H, E, *she*—and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*,
D, A, N, *Dan*—makes up the three
syllables.

Dan is but one, and *Sherri* two,
Then, Sir, your choice will never do ;
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

Answer by Dr. DELANY.

ASSIST me, my muse, whilst I labour
to limn him

Credite pisones isti tabulæ per similem.

You look and you write with so different a
grace,

That I envy your verse, though I didn't
your face.

And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason enough,

'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.

But much I'm amaz'd, you shou'd think
my design

Was to rhyme down your nose, or your
harlequin grin,

Which you yourself wonder the deed
shou'd malign.

And if 'tis so strange, that your monster-
ship's crany.

Shou'd be envy'd by him, much less by
Delany. Though

Though I own to you, when I consider it
 stricter,
 I envy the painter, although not the picture.
 And justly she's envy'd, since a fiend of hell
 Was never drawn right but by her and
Raphell.

Next, as to the charge which you tell us
 is true,
 That we were inspir'd by the subject we
 drew.
 Inspired we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
 Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that
 drew it;
 Had your nose been the muse, we had ne'er
 been inspir'd,
 Though perhaps it might justly've been said
 we were fir'd.

As to the division of words in your
 staves,
 Like my countryman's horn-comb, into
 three halves,
 I meddle not with't, but presume to make
 merry,
 You called *Dan* one half, and t'other half
Sherry:

Now

346 ANSWER BY Dr. SHERIDAN.

Now if *Dan's* a half, as you call't o'er and
o'er,

Then it can't be deny'd that *Sherry's* two
more.

For pray give me leave to say, Sir, for all
you,

That *Sherry's* at least of double the value.

But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the
verse,

So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce) }
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are }
scarce.

But be that as 'twill, you'll know more
anon, Sir,

When *Sheridan* sends to *merry Dan* answer.

Answer by Dr. SHERIDAN.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care,

But envious we cannot bear,

believe, Sir.

For were all forms of beauty thine,

Were you like *Nireus*, soft and fine,

We should not in the least repine,

or grieve, Sir.

Then

Then know from us, most beauteous *Dan*,
 That roughness best becomes a man ;
 'Tis women should be pale and wan,
 and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
 Who comb their brows and sleek their chops,
 Are but the offspring of toy-shops,
 meer vapour.

We know your morning hours you pass
 To cull and gather out a face ;
 Is this the way you take your glass ?
 forbear it.

Those loads of paint upon your toilet,
 Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
 It looks as if you did par-boil it.
 Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
 That they're like *Cynthia* in the wain,
 Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,
 or pullet.

See, what by drinking you have done,
 You've made your phiz a skeleton,
 From the long distance of your crown,
 t'your gullet !
 DAN

DAN JACKSON'S *Reply*.*Written by the Dean in the name of DAN JACKSON.*

WEARIED with faying grace and pray'r,
 I hasten'd down to country air,
 To read your answer, and prepare
 reply to't.

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
 Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
 I much suspect you mean the latter,
 ah fly-boot!

It must be so; what else, alas,
 Can mean my culling of a face,
 And all that stuff of toilet, glafs,
 and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
 That you're a dawb, whilst I but paint;
 Then which of us two is the quaint-
 er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
 Your gibes and all your foul abuse,
 More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
 nor fear it.

Yet

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
 Thou sorry scare-crow of skin and bone,
 To be call'd lean by a skeleton,
 who'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed, to curry friends,
 You seem to praise to make amends,
 And yet before your stanza ends
 you flout me

'Bout latent charms beneath my cloaths;
 For every one that knows me, knows
 That I have nothing like my nose
 about me.

I pass now where you flee and laugh,
 'Cause I call *Dan* my better half!
 Oh, there you think you have me safe!
 but hold, Sir,

Is not a penny often found
 To be much greater than a pound?
 By your good leave, my most profound
 and bold Sir,

Dan's noble mettle, *Sherry* base;
 So *Dan's* the better, though the less,
 An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,
 dull pedant.
 As

350 DAN JACKSON'S SECOND REPLY.

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes *sher*, and RI makes *ry*,
Good spelling-master, your crany
has lead on't.

*Another Reply by the Dean in DAN
JACKSON'S Name.*

THREE days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have
bated,
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetafter?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a nose
Of thy dimension's fit for prose,
But ev'ry one that knows *Dan*, knows
thy master.

Blush for ill-spelling, for ill-lines,
And fly with hurry to *ramines*;
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaster.

I hear

DAN JACKSON'S SECOND REPLY. 351

I hear with some concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the score
By clapping billets on your door
and pofts, Sir.

Thy ruin, *Tom*, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your banishment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.

I maul'd you, when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secrete keep your stuff;
For know, prostration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERI-

SHERIDAN's *Submission.* *Written by*
the Dean.

*Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
 Si risca est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.*

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
 To Dan the victorious,
 Presents, as 'tis fitting,
 Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
 Your now subdu'd and suppliant slave
 Most humbly sues for pardon.
 Who when I fought still cut me down,
 And when I, vanquish'd, fled the town,
 Pursu'd and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry peccavi,
 And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie*,
 Your mercy I rely on.
 For you, my conqu'ror and my king,
 In pard'ning, as in punishing,
 Will shew yourself a lion.

Alas, Sir, I had no design,
 But was unwarily drawn in;

For

For spite I ne'er had any.
 'Twas the damn'd 'squire with the hard
 name;
 The de'el too that ow'd me a shame,
 The devil and *Delany*;

They tempted me t'attack your highness,
 And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
 They left me in the lurch,
 Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
 I've nothing left to vent my spleen
 But ferula and birch;

And they, alas, yield small relief,
 Seem rather to renew my grief,
 My wounds bleed all anew:
 For ev'ry stroke goes to my heart,
 And at each lash I feel the smart
 Of lash laid on by you.

TOM MULLINEX *and* DICK.

TOM and *Dick* had equal fame,
 And both had equal knowledge;
Tom cou'd write and spell his name,
 But *Dick* had seen the college.

A a

Dick

Dick a coxcomb, *Tom* was mad,
 And both alike diverting,
Tom was held the merrier lad,
 But *Dick* the best at farting.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
 But *Tom* was kind and loving;
Tom a foot-boy bred and born,
 But *Dick* was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
 But *Tom* was best at borees;
Tom would pray for ev'ry whig,
 And *Dick* curse all the tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
 And scold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the black-guard boys,
 And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly skip the gutter;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
 But *Dick* could better sputter.

Dick was come to high renown
 Since he commenc'd phyfician;
Tom was held by all the town
 The deeper politician.

Tom

Tom had the genteeler swing,
 His hat could nicely put on ;
Dick knew better how to swing
 His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
 And *Tom* for deep discerning ;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
 But *Tom* had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
 Could roar as loud as *Stentor*,
 In the house 'tis all he says ;
 But *Tom* is eloquenter.

D I C K, *A Maggot.*

AS when from rooting in a bin,
 All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
 A lively maggot fallies out,
 You know him by his hazel snout :
 So when the grandson of his grandfire
 Forth issues wriggling, *Dick Drawcanfir*,
 With powder'd rump, and back and side,
 You cannot blanch his tawny hide ;
 For 'tis beyond the pow'r of meal
 The gypsey visage to conceal :

356 CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down ev'ry mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in show
Like a fresh t——d just dropt on snow.

Clad all in Brown.

Imitated from COWLEY.

To DICK.

FOULEST brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For, would'st thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow
Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out,
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seem from behind a dirty clout:
So t——ds within a glass inclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in ev'ry part,
Thy body's cloathed like thy foul;
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff,
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their *exalted* bodies are,
As shrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wer't in a cart, I fear
Thou would'st be pelted worse than they're.

Yet when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think, it is but just,
That thou should'st take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When *Dick* cries, *dust to carry out?*

DICK's *Variety*.

DULL uniformity in fools
 I hate, who gape and sneer by rules.
 You, *Mullinex*, and flobb'ring C——,
 Who ev'ry day and hour the same are;
 That vulgar talent I despise
 Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
 And when I listen to the noise
 Of ideots roaring to the boys ;
 To better judgments still submitting,
 I own I see but little wit in :
 Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
 Can please at most but once or twice.

But then consider *Dick*, you'll find
 His genius of superior kind ;
 He never muddles in the dirt,
 Nor scow'rs the streets without a shirt ;
 Though *Dick*, I dare presume to say,
 Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
 Let the boys pelt him if they dare ;
 He'd have 'em try'd at the assizes
 For priests and jesuits in disguises ;
 Swear they were with the *Swedes* at *Bender*,
 And lifting troops for the pretender.

But

But *Dick* can fart, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by the ears,
Next moment in the house of peers,
Now scolding at my lady *Eustace*,
Or thrashing *Babby* in her new stays.
Presto begone; with t'other hop
He's powd'ring in a barber's shop;
Now at the anti-chamber thrusting
His nose to get the circle just in,
And damns his blood, that in the rear
He sees one fingle tory there:
Then, wo be to my lord lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.

T H E
BEASTS CONFESSION
T O T H E
P R I E S T,

*On observing how most men mistake their
own talents.*

Written in the Year 1732.

WHEN beasts could speak, (the learn-
ed say,
They still can do so every day)
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That ev'ry subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious wolf begins:

Good

Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on *Friday* last,
Wretch that I was, I broke my fast:
But, I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapin, theft, or thirst of blood.

The ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a *wit* both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd shew his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud:

In

In diet was perhaps too nice,
 But gluttony was ne'er his vice :
 In ev'ry turn of life content,
 And meekly took what fortune sent :
 Enquire through all the parish round,
 A better neighbour ne'er was found :
 His vigilance might some displease ;
 'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.

The mimic ape began his chatter,
 How evil tongues his life bespatter :
 Much of the cens'ring world complain'd,
 Who said, his gravity was feign'd :
 Indeed the strictness of his morals
 Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels :
 He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
 His zeal was sometimes indiscreet :
 He found his virtues too severe
 For our corrupted times to bear :
 Yet, such a leud licentious age
 Might well excuse a Stoic's rage.

The goat advanc'd with decent pace :
 And, first excus'd his youthful face ;
 Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
 ('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
 'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
 To fondness for the female kind ;

Not,

Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution,
But through a pious resolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now;
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As strictly too, as doth his * reverence.

Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with human-kind.
Some faults we own: but, can you guess?
——Why, virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The lawyer swears, you may rely on't,
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last *Easter* term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a *Job*,

* The priest his confessor.

No pleader at the bar could match
 His diligence and quick dispatch;
 Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
 Above a term or two at most.

The cringing knave, who seeks a place
 Without success, thus tells his case:
 Why should he longer mince the matter?
 He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
 He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
 Nor for a party give his vote:
 His crime he quickly understood;
 Too zealous for the nation's good:
 He found the ministers resent it,
 Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
 Though it would raise him to the lawn:
 He pass'd his hours among his books;
 You find it in his meagre looks:
 He might, if he were worldly wise,
 Preferment get and spare his eyes:
 But own'd, he had a stubborn spirit,
 That made him trust alone in merit:
 Would rise by merit to promotion;
 Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin; and God forgive him!
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But, see how *Satan* spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his pray'rs.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his med'cines do no good,
Supports their minds with heav'nly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before, and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to pray'rs.
He shuns apothecaries shops;
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's fav'rite maid.
Old nurse-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the squire;

Which

Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.

The statesman tells you with a *sneer*,
His fault is to be too *sincere*;
And, having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to *whig* or *tory*,
Were all the schemes he had in view;
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lyes,
'Twas *he* defeated the EXCISE.
'Twas known, though he had born asper-
fion,
That *standing troops* were his aversion:
His practice was, in ev'ry station,
To serve the king, and please the nation.
Though hard to find in ev'ry case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot:
His enemies for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good;

Their

Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out ev'ry year;
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone.
Oh! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And ev'ry virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame)
He found the wisest men he cou'd,
Without respect to friends, or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chuse.

The sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:

And

368 THE BEASTS CONFESSION

And well he might ; for to his cost
By want of skill he always lost ;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats ;
Could change the stock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye :
No wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact ;
Besides, the tale is false in fact ;
And so absurd, that could I raise up
From fields *elyzian* fabling *Esop* ;
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the *four-foot* race.
Creatures of ev'ry kind but ours
Well comprehend their nat'ral pow'rs ;
While we, whom *reason* ought to sway,
Mistake our talents ev'ry day.
The ass was never known so stupid
To act the part of *Tray* or *Cupid* ;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap
There to be stroak'd, and fed with pap,
As *Esop* would the world persuade ;
He better understands his trade :
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whistles ;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.

Our

Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature * *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on human-kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may *degen'rate* into men.

* *A definition of man disapproved by all logicians:*
Homo est animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*For the Honour of the KINGDOM of
IRELAND.*

THIS is to inform the publick, that a gentleman of long study, observation, and experience, hath employed himself for several years in making collections of facts, relating to the conduct of *divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, merchants, traders, and squires*, containing an historical account of the most remarkable *corruptions, frauds, oppressions, knaveries, and perjuries*; wherein the names of all the persons concerned shall be inserted at full length, with some account of their families and stations.

But whereas the said gentleman cannot compleat his history without some assistance from the publick, he humbly desires, that all persons, who have any memoirs, or accounts relating to *themselves, their families, their friends or acquaintance*, which are well attested, and fit to enrich the work, will please to send them to the printer of this advertisement: and if any of the said persons, who are disposed to send materials, happen to live in the country, it is desired their letters may be either franked, or the post paid.

This collection is to commence with the year 1700, and be continued to the present year 1738.
The

The work is to be entituled, *The author's critical history of his own times.*

It is intended to be printed by subscription, in a large octavo; each volume to contain five hundred facts, and to be sold for a *british* crown: the author proposeth that the whole work (which will take in the period of thirty-eight years) shall be contained in eighteen volumes.

Whoever shall send the author any accounts of persons, who have performed any acts of *justice*, *charity*, *publick spirit*, *gratitude*, *fidelity*, or the like, attested by indubitable witnesses within the same period; the said facts shall be printed by way of appendix at the end of each volume, and no addition to the price of the work demanded. But, lest such persons may apprehend, that the relating of these facts may be injurious to their reputations, their names shall not be set down without particular direction.

N. B. There will be a small number printed on royal paper for the curious, at only two *british* crowns. There will also be the *effigies* of the most eminent persons mentioned in this work, prefixed to each volume, curiously engraved by *Mr. Hogarth*.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are taken in by the printer hereof, and by the booksellers of *London* and *Dublin*.

*Part of the IXth ODE of the Fourth
BOOK of HORACE, addressed to
Doctor WILLIAM KING, late
Lord Archbishop of Dublin.*

Paulum sepultæ, etc.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best:
But, never shall the muse endure
To let your virtues lye obscure,
Or suffer envy to conceal
Your labours for the publick weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steddý soul preserves her frame
In good and evil times the same.
Pale avarice, and lurking fraud
Stand in your sacred presence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own,
Whose fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he, who wisely knows
To use the gifts, that heav'n bestows;

Or,

Or, if it please the pow'rs divine,
Can suffer want, and not repine.
The man, who infamy to shun
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life his country, or his friend.

V E R S E S *made for Women who cry
Apples, etc.*

A P P L E S.

C O M E buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in heaven,
My husband a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain 'em,
And I must maintain 'em.

}

A S P A R A G U S.

R I P E 'sparagrafs,
 Fit for lad or lass
 To make their water pass :
 O, 'tis pretty picking
 With a tender chicken.

O N Y O N S.

C O M E, follow me by the smell,
 Here's delicate onyons to sell,
 I promise to use you well. }
 They make the blood warmer ;
 You'll feed like a farmer :
 For this is ev'ry cook's opinion,
 No sav'ry dish without an onion;
 But lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
 Your onyons must be th'roughly boil'd ;
 Or else you may spare
 Your mistress a share,
 The secret will never be known ;
 She cannot discover
 The breath of her lover,
 But think it as sweet as her own,

O Y S T E R S.

O Y S T E R S.

CHARMING oyſters I cry,
 My maſters, come buy,
 So plump and ſo freſh,
 So ſweet is their fleſh,
 No *Colcheſter* oyſter
 Is ſweeter and moiſter ;
 Your ſtomach they ſettle,
 And rouse up your mettle ;
 They'll make you a dad
 Of a laſs or a lad ;
 And madam your wife
 They'll pleaſe to the life ;
 Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
 Be ſhe flut, or be ſhe ſcold,
 Eat my oyſters, and lye near her,
 She'll be fruitful never fear her.

H E R R I N G S.

BE not ſparing,
 Leave off ſwearing.
 Buy my herring

Fresh from * *Malahide*,
Better ne'er was try'd.
Come, eat'em with pure fresh butter and
mustard,
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a
custard.
Come, six-pence a dozen to get me some
bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be
dead.

O R A N G E S.

C O M E buy my fine oranges, sauce for
your veal,
And charming when squeez'd in a pot of
brown ale.
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a
cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentle-
folks sup.

* *Malahide*, about five miles from *Dublin*, famous for
oysters.

T O L O V E.

I N all I wish how happy should I be,
 Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee?
 So weak thou art, that fools thy pow'r de-
 spise,
 And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the
 wife.

Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
 They catch the cautious; let the rash de-
 part.

Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and
 Care,
 But too much thinking brings us to thy
 snare.

Where held by thee, in slavery we stay,
 And throw the pleasing part of life
 away.

But what does most my indignation move,
Discretion, thou wer't ne'er a friend to *Love*!
 Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
 By which he kindles mutual flames in
 hearts;

While the blind loit'ring God is at his play
 Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts a-
 way;

Those

Those darts which never fail ; and in their
stead

Convey'ft malignant arrows tipt with lead :
The heedless God fufpecting no deceits
Shoots on, and thinks he has done won-
d'rous feats ;

But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals
burn,

And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments and rages at the power divine,
When, curs'd *Discretion* ! all the fault was
thine.

Cupid and *Hymen* thou haft fet at odds,
And bred fuch feuds betwixt thofe kindred
gods,

That *Venus* cannot reconcile her fons ;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former fcales, wherein he us'd to poife
Love againft love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches ftill fubfide.
Then, gentle *Venus*, to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone ;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And ftrike *Discretion* to the fhades below.

*The following lines were wrote upon a very old
glass of Sir Arthur Acheson's.*

FRAIL glass, thou mortal art, as well
as I,
Though none can tell, which of us first
shall die.

Answer'd extempore by Dr. SWIFT.

We both are mortal ; but thou, frailer crea-
ture,
May'st die, like me, by chance, but not
by nature.

*VERSES cut by two of the DEAN'S *
friends, upon a pane of glass in one of his
parlours.*

A B A R D, on whom *Phæbus* his spirit
bestow'd,
Resolving t'acknowledge the bounty he
ow'd,

* These were written by intitled *Apollo to the Dean*. See
Dr. Delany in conjunction with Vol. VII.
Stella, and produced the verses

Found out a new method at once of confessing,
 And making the most of so mighty a blessing,
 To the God he'd be grateful, but mortals
 he'd chouse
 By making his patron preside in his house.
 And wisely foresaw this advantage from
 thence,
 That the God wou'd in honour bear most
 of th' expence:
 So, the bard he finds drink, and leaves
Phœbus to treat
 With the thoughts he inspires, regardless
 of meat.
 Hence they, that come hither expecting
 to dine,
 Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit and
 sheer wine.

On another Window.

ARE the guests of this house still
 doom'd to be cheated?
 Sure the fates have decreed they by halves
 should be treated.

In the day of good * *John*, if you came
here to dine,

You had choice of good meat, no choice
of good wine.

In *Jonathan's* reign, if you come here to
eat,

You have choice of good wine, no choice
of good meat.

Oh *Jove*! then how fully might all sides
be blest,

Would'st thou but agree to this humble re-
quest?

Put both deans in one; or if that's too
much trouble,

Instead of the deans, make the deanry
double.

* Dr. *John Stearne*, late *Patrick's*, and was always dis-
tinguished for his great hospi-
tality.
lord bishop of *Clogher*, who
had been the predecessor of
Dr. *Swift* in the deanry of St.

An EPITAPH by Dr. SWIFT to the memory of FREDERICK duke of SCHOMBERG, who was unhappily killed in crossing the river Boyne on the 1st of July 1690, and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral, where the dean and chapter erected a small monument to his honour at their own expence.

Hic infra situm est corpus
 FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
 ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.
 DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere
 etiam atque etiam petierunt,
 Ut HEREDES DUCIS monumentum
 In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
 Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
 diu ac sæpè orando nil profecêre;
 Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
 * Saltem ut scias, hospes,
 Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres
 delitescunt.

*Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
 Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.*

A. D. 1731.

* The words, that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph with, were *Saltem ut sciat* *viator indignabundus, quali in cellulâ tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt.*

A BAL-

* *A BALLAD on the Game of*
TRAFFIC.

*Written at the castle of Dublin, in the time
of the earl of Berkley's government.*

MY † *lord* to find out who must deal
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the *doctor* out.

But then his *honour* cry'd, godzooks!
And seem'd to knit his brow;
For on a knave he never looks
But h'thinks upon *Jack How*.

My *lady*, though she is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And wedg'd in corner of a chair
Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

* This ballad occasioned purse. See Vol. VI. p. 76.
another to the tune of the cut- † The earl of *Berkley*.

Dame *Floyd* * looks out in grave suspense
For pair-royals and sequents ;
But wisely cautious of her pence,
The castle seldom frequents.

Quoth *Herries*, fairly putting cases,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But *Weston* has a new-cast gown
On *Sundays* to be fine in,
And, if she can but win a *crown*,
'Twill just new dye the lining.

“ With these is parson *Swift*
“ Not knowing how to spend his time,
“ Does make a wretched shift,
“ To deafen them with puns and rhyme.

* *Biddy Floyd*, see letter to col. *Hunter*.

V E R S E S *said to be written on the*
UNION.

THE * queen has lately lost a part
Of her *entirely-english* heart,
For want of which by way of botch
She piec'd it up again with *scotch*.
Blest revolution, which creates
Divided hearts, united states !
See how the double nation lies ;
Like a rich coat with skirts of frize :
As if a man in making posies
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Whoever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law.
Henceforward let no statesmen dare,
A kingdom to a ship compare ;
Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double keel :
Which just like ours, new rigg'd and man'd
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm,

* *Anne.*

C c

WILL.

* WILL. WOOD's *Petition to the people of IRELAND, being an excellent New Song.*

Supposed to be made and sung in the street of Dublin, by William Wood, iron-monger and half-penny-monger, 1725.

MY dear *irish* folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my half-pence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glister and shine.

They'll sell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing or tofs on the knife.

Come hither and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come; three-pence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and * *Harding.*

* The Drapier's printer.

When

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him :
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

The little black-guard,
Who gets very hard
His half-pence for cleaning your shoes :
When his pockets are cram'd
With mine, and be d——'d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's half-pence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as * *Ben Burton* or *Fade* :
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brass,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

* Two famous bankers.

I'm a son of a whore
 If I have a word more
 To say in this wretched condition.
 If my coin will not pass,
 I must die like an ass ;
 And so I conclude my petition.

AN EPIGRAM

ON

WOOD'S BRASS-MONEY.

CART'RET was welcom'd to the shore
 First with the brazen canons roar.
 To meet him next the soldier comes,
 With brazen trumps and brazen drums.
 Approaching near the town, he hears
 The brazen bells salute his ears:
 But when *Wood's* brass began to sound,
 Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells were
 drown'd.

A N O-

A N O T H E R.

On the D——e of C——s.

J—s B—s was the dean's familiar friend:
James grows a *duke*; their friendship
 here must end.

Surely the dean deserves a fore rebuke,
 From knowing *James*, to say, he knows a
duke.

An EPIGRAM on Scolding.

GR E A T folks are of a finer mold;
 Lord! how politely they can scold;
 While a coarse *english* tongue will itch
 For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

C A T U L L U S *de* L E S B I A.

L E S B I A *mī dicit semper male; nec
 tacet unquam*

*De me. Lesbia me, dispeream, nisi amat.
 Quo signo? quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor
 illam*

Affiduè; verum, dispeream, nisi amo.

In E N G L I S H.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
 To talk of me she never fails.
 Now hang me, but for all her art,
 I find that I have gain'd her heart.
 My proof is thus: I plainly see,
 The case is just the same with me;
 I curse her ev'ry hour sincerely,
 Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

*Mr. JASON HASARD, a woollen drapier
 in Dublin, put up the sign of the Golden
 Fleece, and desired a motto in verse.*

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
 From Colchos brought the golden fleece;
 We comb the wool, refine the stuff;
 For modern *Jasons* that's enough.
 Oh! could we tame yon watchful* dragon,
 Old *Jason* would have less to brag on.

* *England.*

The AUTHOR's Manner of Living.

ON rainy days alone I dine
 Upon a chick, and pint of wine.
 On rainy days I dine alone,
 And pick my chicken to the bone:
 But this my servants much enrages,
 No scraps remain to save board-wages.
 In weather fine I nothing spend,
 But often sponge upon a friend:
 Yet where he's not so rich as I;
 I pay my club, and so good b'y'—

To a LADY, who desired the author to write some verses upon her in the heroic style.

Written at *London* in the Year 1726.

AFTER venting all my spight,
 Tell me, what have I to write;
 Ev'ry error I would find
 Through the mazes of your mind,
 Have my busy muse employ'd,
 Till the company is cloy'd.
 Are you positive and fretful,
 Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?

These and twenty follies more
I have often told before.

Hearken what my lady says;
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandring head be less
Set on reading than on dress:
If I always seem so dull t'ye;
I can solve the diffi--culty.

You would teach me to be wise;
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by fate,
Mr. *Dean*, you come too late;
Well I know, you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies from my youth instill'd
Have my soul entirely fill'd:

In my head and heart they center ;
Nor will let your lessons enter.

Bred a fondling and an heirefs ;
Drefs'd like any lady may'refs ;
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground,
Thought the life of ev'ry lady
Should be one continual play-day,
Balls, and masquerades, and shows ;
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my case at large ;
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.
But I beg, suspend awhile
That same paultry burlesque style ;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule :
Teaching others how to ape ye ;
Court nor parliament can 'scape ye ;
Treat the publick and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing

Sing my praise in strain sublime;
Treat not me with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but just, you should produce
With each fault each fault's excuse:
Not to publish ev'ry trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all your *modern* dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to flee and gibe?
Who, with less-designing ends,
Kindlier entertains their friends?
With good words and count'nance sprightly
Strive to treat them all politely.

Think

Think not cards my chief diversion;
'Tis a wrong unjust aspersi^on :
Never knew I any good in 'um,
But to doze my head like *lodianum* :
We by play, as men by drinking,
Pass our nights to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure,
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry;
Mr. *Dean*, you must reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true :
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Ev'ry fault have drawn a gloss over ;
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.

Though you lead a blameless life,
Live an humble, prudent wife,
Answer all domestick ends,
What is this to us our friends ?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without the rod :

Though

Though by your obliging sway
 Servants love you, and obey;
 Though you treat us with a smile,
 Clear your looks, and smooth your style;
 Load our plates from ev'ry dish;
 This is not the thing we wish.
 Col'nel——may be your debtor;
 We expect employment better.
 You must learn, if you would gain us,
 With good sense to entertain us.

Scholars, when good sense describing,
 Call it tasting and imbibing;
 Metaphoric meat and drink
 Is to understand and think:
 We may *carve* for others thus;
 And let others carve for us;
 To discourse and to attend
 Is, to *help* yourself and friend.
 Conversation is but *carving*;
 Carve for all, yourself is starving:
 Give no more to ev'ry guest,
 Than he's able to digest:
 Give him always of the prime;
 And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough:
 Let them neither starve, nor stuff:

And

And that you may have your due,
 Let your neighbours *carve* for you.
 This comparifon will hold,
 Could it well in rhyme be told,
 How converfing, lift'ning, thinking,
 Juftly may refemble drinking;
 For a friend a glafs you fill,
 What is this but to inftil?

To conclude this long effay :
 Pardon if I difobey;
 Nor againft my nat'ral vein
 Treat you in heroic ftrain.
 I, as all the parifh knows,
 Hardly can be grave in profe:
 Still to lafh, and lashing fmile,
 Ill befits a lofty ftyle.
 From the planet of my birth
 I encounter vice with mirth.
 Wicked minifters of ftate
 I can eafier fcorn, than hate:
 And I find it answers right;
 Scorn torments them more than fpight.
 All the vices of a court
 Do but ferve to make me fport.
 Were I in fome foreign realm,
 Which all vices overwhelm;

* * * * *

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When my muse officious ventures
 On the nation's representers :
 Teaching by what *golden* rules
 Into knaves they turn their fools :
 How the helm is rul'd by *Walpole*,
 At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull :
 Let the vessel split on shelves ;
 With the freight enrich themselves :
 Safe within my little wherry,
 All their madness makes me merry :
 Like the watermen of *Thames*,
 I row by, and call them names.
 Like the ever-laughing sage,
 In a jest I spend my rage.
 (Though it must be understood,
 I would hang them if I cou'd)
 If I can but fill my nitch,
 I attempt no higher pitch.
 Leave to *D'Anvers* and his mate
 Maxims wise to rule the state.

Pult'ney

Pult'ney deep, accomplish'd *St. Johns*,
 Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
 Let me, though the smell be noisom,
 Strip their bums; let * *Caleb* horse 'em,
 Then apply *Aleçto's* whip,
 Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.

Duce is in you, Mr. *Dean*:
 What can all this passion mean?
 Mention courts, you'll ne'er be quiet;
 On corruptions running riot.
 End, as it befits your station:
 Come to use and application:
 Nor with senates keep a fufs.
 I submit and answer thus.

If the machinations brewing
 To compleat the public ruin
 Never once could have the pow'r
 To affect me half an hour;
 (Sooner would I write in buskins,
 Mournful elegies on † *Bluskins*)
 If I laugh at *whig* and *tory*;
 I conclude *à fortiori*,

* *Caleb D'Anvers*, the famous writer of the paper called the *Craftsman*. These papers are supposed to be written by the lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Pultney*, created earl of *Bath*.
 † A famous thief, who was hang'd some years since.

All your eloquence will scarce
 Drive me from my fav'rite farce.
 This I must insist on. For, as
 It is well observ'd by * *Horace*,
 Ridicule has greater pow'r
 To reform the world, than fow'r.
 Horses thus, let jockies judge else,
 Switches better guide than cudgels.
 Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
 Only dulness can produce;
 While a little gentle jerking
 Sets the spirits all a working.

Thus, I find it by experiment,
 Scolding moves you less than merriment,
 I may storm and rage in vain;
 It but stupifies your brain.
 But with raillery to nettle,
 Sets your thoughts upon their mettle:
 Gives imagination scope;
 Never lets your mind elope:
 Drives out brangling and contention,
 Brings in reason and invention.
 For your sake as well as mine,
 I the lofty style decline.

* *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius, etc.

I, who love to have a fling
 Both at S—n—e—h—fe and——;
 That they might some better way tread
 To avoid the publick hatred;
 Thought no method more commodious,
 Than to shew their vices odious;
 Which I chose to make appear,
 Not by anger, but a sneer:
 As my method of reforming
 Is by laughing, not by storming,
 (For my friends have always thought
 Tendernefs my greatest fault.)
 Would you have me change my style;
 On your faults no longer smile,
 But, to patch up all your quarrels,
 Quote you texts from *Plutarch's* morals;
 Or, from *Solomon* produce
 Maxims teaching wisdom's use?

If I treat you like a C——d H——,
 You have cheap enough compounded.
 Can you put in higher claims,
 Than the owners of St. J——s?
 You are not so great a grievance,
 As the hirelings of St. *Stephens*.
 You are of a lower class
 Than my friend Sir *Robert Brags*.

D d

None

None of these have mercy found,
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.

Have you seen a rocket fly?
You could swear it pierc'd the sky :
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there :
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown :
See what mirth the sport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my muse ;
Should I lofty numbers chuse,
E're I reach'd *Parnassus'* top,
I should burst, and bursting drop.
All my *fire* would fall in scraps ;
Give your head some gentle raps ;
Only make it smart a while ;
Then, could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain,
Ent'ring warm your frigid brain :
Make you able upon fight
To decide of wrong and right ;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on ;
Learn to relish truth and reason.

Thus

Thus we both should gain our prize :
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

T H E
D I S C O V E R Y.

WHEN wise lord *Berkeley* first came
here,
Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a peer,
E're a week past committing blunders.
Till on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their
court,
Out slippt a mystery of state
To give the town and country sport.
Now enters * *Bush* with new state airs,
His lordship's premier minister ;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his † clyster.

‡ When the earl of *Berkley* went over to *Ireland* as one of the lords justices, the author in compliance with his invitation went over with him as chaplain and private secretary ; but *Bush* another of the earl's attendants having insinuated, that the

place of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, found means soon after they arrived at *Dublin* to obtain it for himself.

* My lord's wife secretary.

† Always taken before my lord went to council.

With head reclining on his shoulder,
 He deals and hears mysterious chat,
 While every ignorant beholder
 Asks of his neighbour, who is that?
 With this he put up to my lord,
 The courtiers kept their distance due,
 He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word;
 Then to a corner both withdrew.
 Imagine now, my lord and *Busb*
 Whisp'ring in junta most profound,
 Like good king * *Phyz*, and good king
Ush,
 While all the rest stood gaping round.
 At length a spark, not too well bred,
 Of forward face and ear acute,
 Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
 To over-hear the grand dispute;
 To learn what northern kings design,
 Or from *Whitehall* some new express,
 Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin:
 For sure (thought he) it can't be less.
 My lord, said *Busb*, a friend and I
 Disguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
 E're morning's dawn stole out to spy
 How markets went for hay and oats:

* Vide the *Rehearsal*.

With that he draws two handfuls out,
 The one was oats, the other hay;
 Puts this to's excellency's snout,
 And begs he would the other weigh.
 My lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
 By all means to bring down the rates;
 Then with a congee circumflex
Busb, smiling round on all, retreats.
 Our listner stood awhile confus'd,
 But gathering spirits wisely ran for't,
 Enrag'd to see the world abus'd
 By two such whisp'ring kings of *Brent-*
ford.

The P R O B L E M.

*That my lord B——ly stinks, when he's in
 love.——*

DID ever problem thus perplex,
 Or more employ the female sex?
 So sweet a passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a stink?
 The ladies vow and swear they'll try,
 Whether it be a truth or lye.

Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat
Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
Which brings a stink from every pore,
And from behind, and from before ;
Yet what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the fav'rite nymph can smell it.
But now to solve the nat'ral cause
By sober philosophic laws :
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out, as anger does in vermin ;
So when a weazel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings, who in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh—
Beside all this, deep scholars know,
That the main string of *Cupid's* bow
Once on a time was an a—gut,
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or desert prefer'd
From giving passage to a t——
But still though fix'd among the stars
Does sympathise with human a——
Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-string at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.

And

And now, the ladies all are bent
 To try the great experiment,
 Ambitious of a regent's heart,
 Spread all their charms to catch a f——
 Watching the first unfav'ry wind,
 Some ply before, and some behind.
 My lord, on fire amidst the dames,
 F——ts like a lawrel in the flames.
 The fair approach the speaking part
 To try the back-way to his heart.
 For, as when we a gun discharge,
 Although the bore be ne'er so large,
 Before the flame from muzzle burst,
 Just at the breech it flashes first :
 So from my lord his passion broke,
 He farted first, and then he spoke.

The ladies vanish in the smother
 To confer notes with one another ;
 And now they all agree to name
 Whom each one thought the happy dame.
 Quoth *Neal*, whate'er the rest may think,
 I'm sure 'twas I, that smelt the stink.
 You smell the stink, by G—— you lye,
 Quoth *Ross*, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
 Ladies, quoth *Levens*, pray forbear,
 Let's not fall out, we all had share,

And by the most I can discover,
My lord's an universal lover.

A LOVE POEM

FROM A

PHYSICIAN *to his* MISTRESS.

* Written at *London* in the Year 1738.

BY poets we are well assur'd
That love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd*;
A complicated heap of *Ills*,
Despising *boluses* and *pills*.
Ah! *Chloe*, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound*
I strain my *guts*, my *colon* wound;
Now, jealousy my *grumbling tripes*
Assaults with grating, grinding *gripes*:
When pity in those eyes I view,
My *bowels* wambling make me *spew*.
When I an am'rous kiss design'd,
I *belch'd* a hurricane of *wind*.
Once you a gentle sigh let fall,
Remember how I *suck'd* it all;

* Dean Swift was not in *London* after the year 1727.

What

What *colic pangs* from thence I felt
 Had you but known, your *heart* would
 melt,
 Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
 Till nature pointed out a vent.
 How have you torn my *heart* to pieces
 With maggots, humours, and caprices!
 By which I got the *hæmorrhoids*,
 And loathsome *worms* my *anus* voids.
 Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
 I feel my body all inflam'd,
 Which breaking out in *boyls* and *blanes*,
 With *yellow filth* my linnen stains.
 Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd *thirst*,
 Small beer I *guzzle* till I *burst* :
 And then I drag a bloated *corpus*
 Swell'd with a *dropsy* like a porpus ;
 When, if I cannot *purge* or *stale*,
 I must be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

On a PRINTER's being sent to Newgate,
 by ——.

BETTER we all were in our graves
 Than live in slavery to slaves,
 Worse than the anarchy at sea,
 Where fishes on each other prey ;

Where

Where ev'ry trout can make as high rants
 O'er his inferiors as our tyrants ;
 And swagger while the coast is clear :
 But should a lordly pike appear,
 Away you see the varlet scud,
 Or hide his coward snout in mud.
 Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
 He dare not venture to approach ;
 Yet still has impudence to rise,
 And, like *Domitian*, leap at flies.

*On the Little House by the Church-yard of
 Castlenock.*

WHOEVER pleaseth to enquire,
 Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
 The grey old fellow, poet * *Joe*
 The philosophic cause will show.
 Once on a time a western blast
 At least twelve inches overcast,
 Reck'ning roof, weathercock and all,
 Which came with a prodigious fall ;
 And tumbling topsy-turvy round
 Light with its bottom on the ground.

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

For by the laws of gravitation
It fell into its proper station.

This is the little strutting pile,
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock;
And thus the steeple gave a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, *Knock*, the vicar, † *Walls*.

The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpriz'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.

A school-boy ran unto't and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight,

† Rev. Archdeacon *Wall*.

And stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

Warburton took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house, or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. *Johnson* gave her verdict,
And ev'ry one was pleas'd, that heard it :
All that you make this stir about,
Is but a still, which wants a spout.
The rev'rend Dr. † *Reymond* guess'd,
More probably than all the rest ;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry ;
Give me that house in my own hand :
Then madam bad the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child :
That thing, I mean, among the kale ;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

† Minister of *Trim*.

The clerk said to her in a heat,
What ! sell my master's country seat ?
Where he comes ev'ry week from town ;
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh ! fellow, keep not such a pother
In half an hour thou'lt make another.

Says * *Nancy*, I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this,
The dean will give me willow-sticks,
And *Joe* my apron-full of bricks.

* The waiting-woman.

The author and his friends used to divert themselves for amusement in making riddles, some of which have been printed, and were well received; as we hope the following will be, although we cannot tell the authors of each.

A R I D D L E.

I With borrow'd silver shine,
 What you see is none of mine.
 First I shew you but a quarter,
 Like the bow that guards the *Tartar*,
 Then the half, and then the whole,
 Ever dancing round the pole.
 And what will raise your admiration,
 I am not one of God's creation,
 But sprung (and I this truth maintain)
 Like *Pallas* from my father's brain.
 And after all, I chiefly owe
 My beauty to the shades below.
 Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
 A man, a woman, lion, bear,
 A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
 All figures heav'n or earth can yield;

Like

Like *Daphne* sometimes in a tree :
Yet am not one of all you see.

A N O T H E R.

BEgotten, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of
boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the
wind,
I'm chiefly unruly, when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead ;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you re-
mark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark ;
The moment I get one my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport
expire.

A N O T H E R.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt heav'n, and earth,
and hell,

Where

Though candor and truth in my aspect I
 bear,
 Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
 Though so much of heav'n appears in my
 make,
 The foulest impressions I easily take.
 My parent and I produce one another,
 The mother the daughter, the daughter
 the mother.

A N O T H E R.

I'M up, and down, and round about,
 Yet all the world can't find me out,
 Though hundreds have employ'd their lei-
 sure,
 They never yet cou'd find my measure.
 I'm found almost in ev'ry garden,
 Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
 There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
 Can move an inch except I will.

A N O T H E R.

I AM jet-black, as you may see,
 The son of pitch, and gloomy night;
 Yet all that know me will agree,
 I'm dead except I live in light.

E e

Some-

Sometimes in panegyric high

Like lofty *Pindar* I can soar,
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice,
Like milk 'tis cry'd about the street,
And so apply'd to diff'rent use.

Most wond'rous is my magic power :
For with one colour I can paint ;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next make a devil of a saint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings,
And fairly shew a reason, why
There should be quarrels among kings.

And after all you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And shew where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats,
'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats ;
Nay, give their very souls away.

A N O T H E R.

EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

A N O T H E R.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of diff'rent voice and features,
One of us in glafs is fet,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within,
If the fifth you shou'd pursue,
It can never fly from you.

A N O T H E R.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wond'rous kind,
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.

He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small ;
By us forms his laws, and rules,
He's our master, we his tools ;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Ev'ry brother else reposes.

If wine's bought, or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

A N O T H E R.

FONTINELLA *to* FLORINDA.

W H E N on my bosom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heav'nly beams,
 I feel not the least love-surprize,

Yet endless tears flow down in streams,
 There's nought so beautiful in thee,
 But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare ;
 In me you see them full as white.
 The roses of your cheeks, I dare
 Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
 Then, since I shew as fine a face,
 Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime !
 And so am I whilst thou art here ;
 But soon will come the fatal time,
 When all we see shall disappear.
 'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
 And your's to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may ;
 Treat not your lovers with disdain ;
 For time with beauty flies away,
 And there is no return again.

To you the sad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no second spring.

A N O T H E R.

NEVER speaking, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak,
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave and gabble,
Like the labourers of *Babel*.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low,
I can bleat, or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring,
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I clash and roar and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.

Jove,

Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
 When I'm vex't can't keep me under;
 Yet so tender is my ear,
 That the lowest voice I fear;
 Much I dread the courtier's fate,
 When his merit's out of date,
 For I hate a silent breath,
 And a whisper is my death.

A N O T H E R.

MOST things by me do rise and fall,
 And as I please they're great and
 small;
 Invading foes, without resistance,
 With ease I make to keep their distance;
 Again, as I'm dispos'd, the foe
 Will come, though not a foot they go.
 Both mountains, woods, and hills, and
 rocks,
 And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
 And lowing herds, and piping swains,
 Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
 The greatest whale, that swims the sea
 Does instantly my pow'r obey.
 In vain from me the sailor flies,
 The quickest ship I can surprize,

And turn it as I have a mind,
 And move it against tide and wind.
 Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
 I'll squeeze him to a little span,
 Or bring a tender child and pliant,
 You'll see me stretch him to a giant;
 Nor shall they in the least complain,
 Because my magic gives no pain.

A N O T H E R.

WE are little brethren-twain,
 Arbiters of loss and gain,
 Many to our counters run,
 Some are made, and some undone.
 But men find it to their cost,
 Few are made, but numbers lost.
 Though we play them tricks for ever,
 Yet they always hope our favour.

To Doctor SHERIDAN.

DEAR *Sheridan!* a gentle pair
 Of *Gallstown* lads (for such they are)
 Besides a brace of grave divines
 Adore the smoothness of thy lines;

Smooth

Smooth as our bason's silver flood,
E're *George* had robb'd it of it's mud;
Smoother than *Pegasus*' old shoe,
E're *Vulcan* comes to make him new.
The board, on which we set our a—s,
Is not so smooth as are thy verses,
Compar'd with which (and that's enough)
A smoothing-ir'n itself is ruff.
Nor praise I less that circumcision,
By modern poets call'd elision,
With which, in proper station plac'd,
Thy polish'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus, a wise taylor is not pinching,
But turns at ev'ry seam an inch in,
Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stiches.
Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words so closely wedg'd, and short are
Like walls, more lasting without mortar;
By leaving out the needless vowels
You save the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter still another locks,
Each groov'd, and dove-tail'd, like a box;
Thy muse is tuckt up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are linkt.

Thy

Thy words together ty'd in small hanks,
Close as the *Macedonian* phalanx;
Or like the *Umbo* of the *Romans*,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic to his grief will find,
How firmly these indentures bind:
So, in the kindred painter's art
The short'ning is the nicest part.

Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to shew their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like *hebrew*,
Wherein they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With *Alexandrian* in the close
Long, long, long, long, like *Dan's* long nose.

A REBUS written by a * LADY on
the Rev. Dean SWIFT. With his
ANSWER.

CUT the name of the MAN } *Jo-seph.*
 who his *Mistress* deny'd,
 And let the *first* of it be only
 apply'd
 To join with the prophet who } *Nathan.*
 DAVID did chide.
 Then say, what a *horse* is that runs very
 fast,
 And that which deserves to be *first* put the
 last ;
 Spell all then, and put them together, to
 find
 The NAME and the VIRTUES of him I
 design'd.
 Like the *Patriarch* in *Egypt* he's vers'd in
 the *state* ;
 Like the *prophet* in *Jewry*, he's free with
 the *great* ;
 Like a *racer* he flies to succour with speed,
 When his *friends* want his aid, or *desert* is
 in need,

* Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

The

The A N S W E R.

THE nymph, who wrote this in an
amorous fit,

I cannot but envy the pride of her *wit*,
Which thus she will venture profusely to
throw

On so mean a *design*, and a *subject* so low.
For mean's her *design*, and her *subject* as
mean,

The *first* but a R E B U S, the *last* but a
D E A N.

A *dean's* but a *parson*, and what is a *rebus*?
A thing never known to the *musés* or *Phœ-*
bus.

The corruption of verse, for when all is
done,

It is but a *paraphrase* made on a *punn*;
But a genius like her's no subject can stifle,
It shews and discovers itself through a *trifle*.
By reading this *trifle*, I quickly began
To find her a great *wit*, but the *dean* a
small man.

Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with
stuff,

Which others for mantuas would think fine
enough :

So

So the *wit* that is lavishly thrown away here,
Might furnish a second rate *poet* a year.

Thus much for the *verse*, we proceed to the
next,

Where the NYMPH has entirely forsaken
her *text* :

Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season,
And what *she* describes to be *merit* is *trea-
son* :

The changes, which faction has made in
the state,

Have put the *dean's* politics quite out of
date :

Now no one regards what he utters with
freedom,

And should he write *pamphlets*, no great
man would read 'em ;

And should *want* or *desert* stand in need
of his aid,

This *racer* wou'd prove but a dull-found-
er'd *jade*.

Written

*Written by the Rev. Doctor SWIFT,
on his own Deafness.*

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus
amicis ;

*Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab jove
missum,*

*Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas
est,*

Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

In E N G L I S H.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown ;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell :
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart :
Nay, what's incredible, alack !
I hardly hear a woman's clack.



A Cantata

432

slow
In Harmony would

fast
you Excell Suit your Words to your Musick well Musick well

Musick well Suit your Words to your Musick well Suit your

slow
Word to your Musick well For Pe ga sus

fast
run.....s run every Race by Gal.....

slow
loping high or Le vel Pace or Am bling or

Sweet Canturbury or with a down a high down derry No no

Victory Victory he ever get by Jog ling Jog ling

Jog ling No Muse harmonious

Entertains Rough Roysling Rustick Roar ing

Strains nor shall you twin ... e the Crack ... ling

Crackling Boys by Sneaking Snivelling Round Delays

tr
Now Nowly move your Fiddle Stick Now, tantantantantanti vi

fast
Now, tantantantantanti quick quick now trem.....

tr *tr* *tr* *S:*
Bling Shi..... vring Lui..... vring Lua..... king Set

S:
hoping hoping hoping hearts of Loversaking Fly fly

tr *tr*
aboveabove y Sky Ram bling Gam bling Ram

tr
bling Gambling

Trolloping Lolloping Galloping Trolloping Lolloping Galloping

Trollop Lolloping Trolloping Galloping Lolloping Trolloping

Galloping Lollop Now Creep Sweep Sweep Sweep the Deep

See see Celia Ce-lia Dies Dies Dies Dies Dies Dies Dies Dies

While True Lovers Eyes Weeping Sleep Sleeping Weep Weeping Sleep

Do peep do peep do peep do peep peep do do peep

FINIS

